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HUMOR MAGAZINE

OCTOBER 1996
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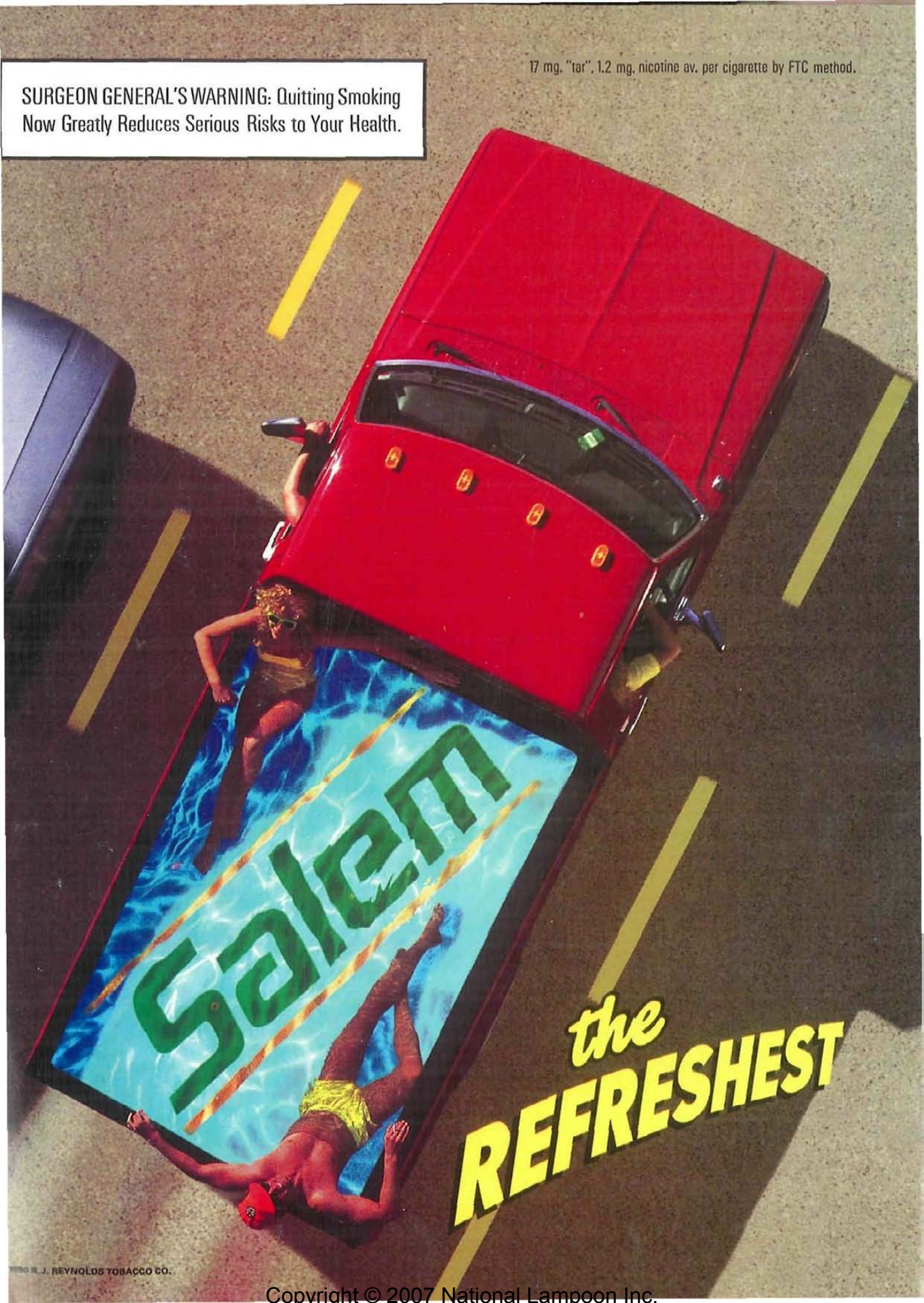


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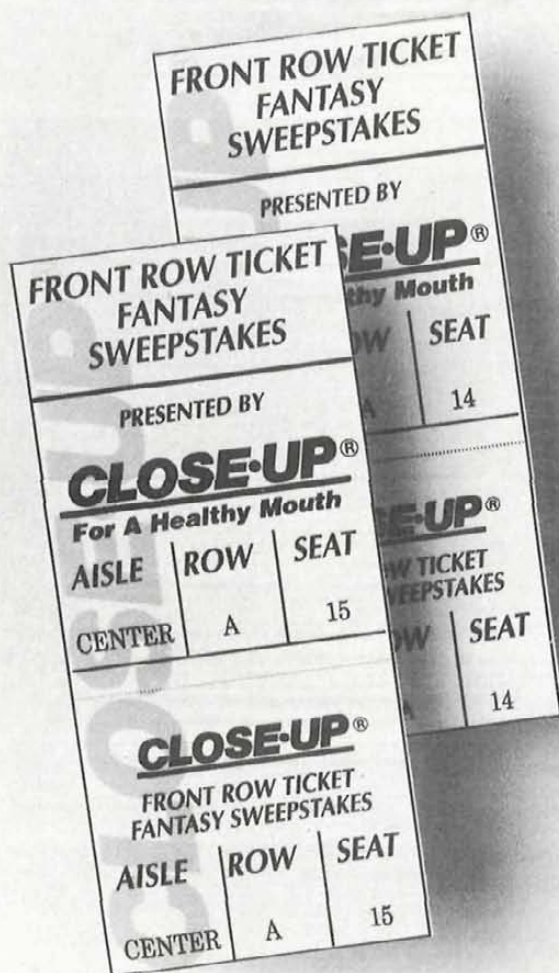
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 Written and illustrated by M. K. Brown.

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 Anyone who's read our magazine in the last year—or elected not to after seeing it on the newsstand—is aware of the extraordinarily beautiful and haunting array of covers that have graced it. Now we're expanding our magazine-cover genius to other facets of the publishing industry. By Ned Ward. Photographed by Joe Peoples.

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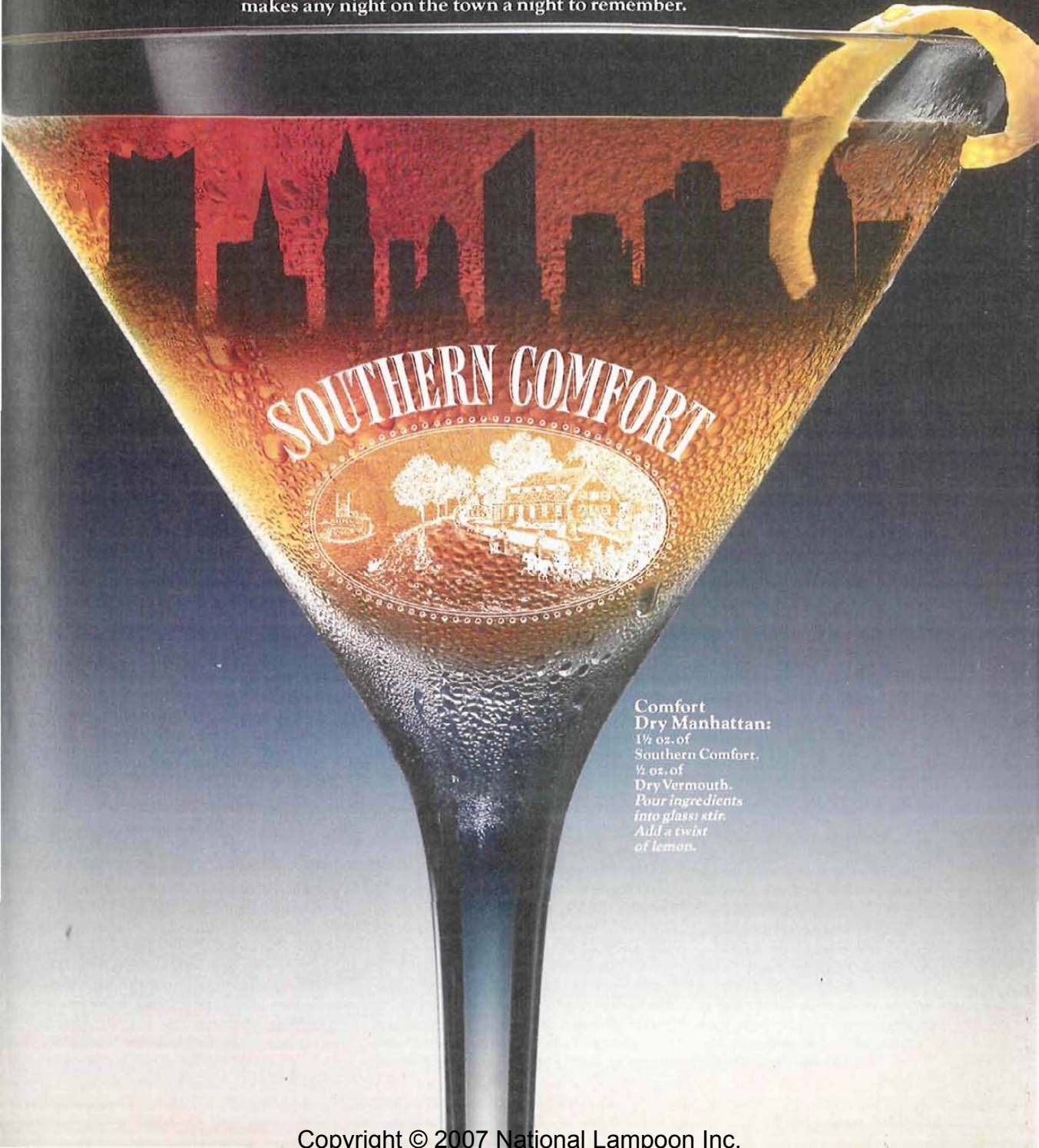
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EDITORIAL

THINKING BACK TO COLLEGE

COMPARED TO THE ALTERNATIVES, going to college is a pretty good thing to do. After all, many people spend their college years in maximum-security prisons, or bogged down with a couple of mewling colicky kids and a wife whose butt is like a Baggie full of Bisquick by age eighteen. Instead of being accepted to an institution of higher learning, you could have gone into the asbestos-removal business with your surly uncle, or gotten a job as a hair stylist at a funeral home, or died from eating blowfish and been reincarnated as Nell Carter's loofah.

My memories of college are distorted, of course, by a brain astigmatism which results in 20-800 hindsight and renders my campus days as idyllic as the college catalog that first lured me there. Elysian fields filled with beautiful girls just back from Europe, guys who'd have a catch with you and buy you a beer and loan you a fiver and give you their *Sports Illustrateds*—more like an extension of summer vacation than a pain-of-learning hub. The people who put out those pamphlets aren't lying—they've just been away from college for a few years and, like me, have to make a living now, so campus life, in comparison, is all honey and hummingbirds. In reality, of course, college was interminable nights spent memorizing astoundingly dull history books, professors covered with chalk and dust hitting on your girlfriend, and beer so cheap it tasted like it was contaminated with heavy metals fouling a brain that was still pink and tender to the touch and a liver that was as clean and fresh as milk-fed veal. Compared to today's world, though, where everyone's life hinges on Prozac, aspartame, wheat allergies, enlarged prostates, ibuprofen, fear of sulfites, minoxidil, and recycling, academia floats as weightless as an opium dream.

I think the objective of every college student should be to get as much out of his or her education as the Baby Boomer hippies did. Until they went to college, the depth and glory of the human experience were unfelt. Real love, real ecstasy, real pain were uncharted emotions. I'm sure Rainer Maria Rilke and Rupert Brooke lie in graves of shame knowing they were unable to understand the meaning of their own poetry as keenly as the Boomers did. Did

you know that they were the only generation of human beings in the history of the world ever to want freedom or to feel spiritual or to feel rebellion boil in their blood? And the human soul didn't have the capacity for conscience or consciousness until 1968, when it was invented by a group of students at Berkeley. That's right. And certainly, words like "experience" and "wisdom" and "spiritual" did not appear in pre-1968 dictionaries, and will be removed from the dictionaries when the Boomers pass on. The Boomers are like the Greeks and Romans rolled into one but a lot deeper, and that's why I thank God every day that their lives and nostalgia are the basis of our culture, because their lives were so full and rich compared to yours, mine, Homer's, or Jesus's. If everyone had gone to college when they did, the world would certainly be a better place.

I hate their guts. These are the people who have adjudged today's young—except for their own children—all soulless, irreparably vapid morons, though these are the same people who exalt *Mr. Ed* and *The Honeymooners* as works of genius worthy of eternal rerun. I love to hear their squawks of outrage when drug dealers encroach upon their children's schools, when it was their experimentation with drugs that led to the popularity of cocaine, and the evolution of crack and ice. I bet the Medellín cartel put Jefferson Airplane and the Grateful Dead and Jimi Hendrix on the stereos in their Porsches, too, and tape *thirty-something*.

Many people say that the time you spend in college will be the best time of your life. Well, it fucking well better be, for \$22,000 a year at many prestigious institutions! Just think, if your parents had only had the forethought to drop you on your baby head, they would have knocked thirty points off your IQ, and you'd be working as a pool cleaner or going to technical college and they'd be living *the life*. Right now, instead of subsidizing your frat parties, they could be enjoying—and this is just per year, forget the total—an English-speaking housekeeper on staff, maybe a gardener too, or a Lincoln Town Car, or matching VW Jettas, or a kidney-shaped pool. They could go on a week-long luxury cruise once a month, or your father could have had that third wife
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Cover: Matt Groening's omnipresent and overexposed imp is up to his mischievous tricks again—this time by promising to adorn the *National Lampoon* cover for a nominal fee... only to renege on the deal just days later!

Did Mike Ovitz get to Bart Simpson before we did? And if so, what to do?

"Don't have a cow, man," suggested

NatLamp's wily and indefatigable attorney, Julian Weber. "I know how we can still get that jaundiced cartoon cel with the serrated head on our cover—and, better still, without paying him a cent in royalties."

This is what is known in the trade as "hoist by one's own petard," whatever a petard is.

The result, photographed by Joe Peoples with makeup by Jody Pollutro, is both brilliant in its purity and pure in its brilliance. And as a bonus, we even managed to make an insightful visual comment about the decline of higher education in America.

Wow! Talk about a hardworking cover!



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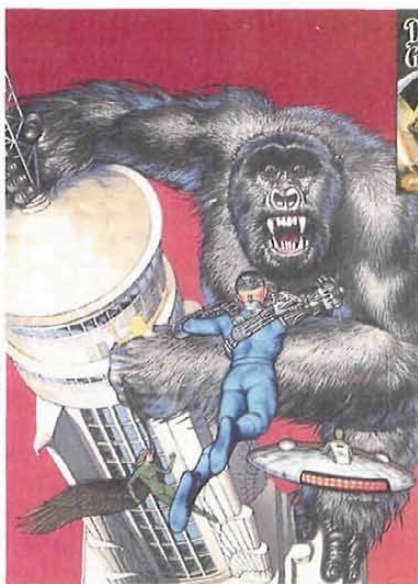
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Sirs:

How about a rematch, huh?

We're weak, we're disorganized, our society is riddled with Jews.

C'mon, let's make it three out of five.

Helmut Kohl

Bonn, Germany

Sirs:

Crown Royal for twenty-five bucks a fifth! Pussy is a hundred! Even the fuckin' bananas are three dollars a pound! No wonder you invaded, you couldn't afford to live here!

General Manuel Noriega

Miami, Fla.

Sirs:

Actually, the earthquake didn't do much damage to the gay community. We already had our shit packed.

A Faggot

San Francisco, Calif.

Sirs:

Yeah, I got questions. Now, let me get this straight, man—you mean you can get stoned if you fry an egg?

Guy on Couch

Intrigued

Sirs:

Hey, wait a minute, man. That's not my brain. I may be stoned, but you can't fool me. No way, man. That's an egg.

Guy on Couch

Wondering what the guy who made up that stupid advertisement was on

Sirs:

Yeah, right.

The Great Lawn in Central Park
the Morning After Earth Day

Sirs:

I told the poor boy there was no future in bell ringing, but he wouldn't listen. He should have been a professional wrestler. With that hump, he would have been tough to pin.

Quasimodo's High School

Guidance Counselor

Notre Dame High School

Sirs:

Weird stuff, man. Whoa! I mean weird.

Johnny Carson

On vacation in Twin Peaks

LETTERS

Sirs:

Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ha, ha, ha... Yessir!
Damn good coffee... Ho, ho, ho.

Ed McMahon

Hot on Johnny's trail

Sirs:

Well, Joe's a cruise-ship dance instructor, Jon died from an ear-piercing complication, Jordan is the chief teller for a First New England Bank branch in Roxbury, Danny's in retail, and I drive a bus for a rural school district. But let me tell you something, Barbara, I may be a nobody now, but they can't take away the memories of what we had.

Donnie of New Kids on the Block on

The 1992 Year-End Where Are They Now?

Barbara Walters Special

Sirs:

The Captain? Insatiable sexual appetite. Outta bed, on the set. Take five, back in bed again. Used to handpick the production assistants himself—nice-looking Vassar girls with big jugs and degrees in education. Bunny Rabbit? Unrepentant prima donna. Used to take lessons from Stanislavsky, and you better believe he let people know about it. Always talking about the Factory and Andy and Halston. Town Clown? Addict. Came in one day with his head all bloody, says to the makeup girl, "Just slap on the pancake, I'll clean it later." But the Captain loved him like a son. Well, what do you think? I've got a million more, even better than those.

Mr. Greenjeans

Looking for a publisher

Sirs:

Mine may be fake, but at least they're not pointed.

LaToya Jackson

Analyzing Madonna's fashion choices

Sirs:

I don't want it.

Neither do I.

Don't worry, guys, I know just the place to keep him.

Three Men and a Gerbil

Fire Island, N.Y.

Sirs:

Organized crime, organized religion—not much different, are they?

John Paul Gotti II



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- 3) She is deeply in love with you.

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Sirs:
I'm a Type T & A personality.

Warren Beatty
Who else?

Sirs:
There are 900,000 different species of insects. Rest assured, I'll be doing a cartoon about each and every one of them.

Gary Larson
Just so you know

Sirs:
You call dat a theory?! Vat were you thinking? Pavlov's dog has a better sense of the human mind than you! All dat dribble about dreams, dreams, dreams with absolutely no consideration that there may be some sort of biological basis for behavior!!! For shame! For shame!

Freud's Superego
Strengthened by the new evidence

Sirs:
See - this is my son Harry. He's fat, he's rude, and he makes fart noises with his anus, teeth, and armpits. He never showers, is on the verge of a pimple-infested puberty, and can hold twenty Butterfingers in his mouth at once. He leaves used condoms in his seven-year-old sister's room for me to find, cuts the strings off my tampons,

and routinely fills his father's colostomy bag with Jell-O. What do you think?

Desperate Stage Mother
Trying to take advantage of this "cruel-family chic" thing

Sirs:
Really? You think I'm pretty enough to be one of Charlie's Angels? Really? Well, sure, you can take my picture. Cheese. . . .
The Girl on the 555-FUCK
Matchbook Cover

Sirs:
You know, a hundred or so years later and I could have gotten a job riding on the top of an Orkin truck.

Gregor Samsa
Reevaluating his "Metamorphosis"

Sirs:
The reports of my death have been greatly exaggerated.

Laura Palmer

Sirs:
The reports of our depth have been greatly exaggerated.

Don Johnson
Melanie Griffith
Mickey Rourke
Sylvester Stallone
Bruce Springsteen
Frank Zappa
Bob Costas
David Byrne
Joan Baez
Bill Moyers
Tom Robbins
John Irving
Kahlil Gibran
Marla Maples
*Wigwag
Egg
Details*

Sirs:
The reports of our depth are *right on!*
Traci Lords
Ginger Lynn
Seka
Sahara
Susan Sarandon

Sirs:
Please make an old woman very happy and tell her you still masturbate to her reruns.

Barbara Eden
I Dream of Retin-A

Sirs:
Well, sir, not that Roy Orbison was ugly, but when he appeared on *The Ed Sullivan Show*, the cameraman was instructed to shoot him from the waist *down*.

Elvis Presley
The King

SEPARATED AT DEATH?



Grating performance artist
Yoko Ono...



and bullet-ridden ex-moptop
John Lennon?



New York socialite
Jackie Onassis...



and bullet-ridden U.S.
president John F. Kennedy?



Former cowboy star
Roy Rogers...



and homosexual Commie
hunter Roy Cohn?

All photos AP/Wide World

-Gilbert Gottfried

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking
By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal
Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

MAGNATUDE.



15 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.

© 1990 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

These posters are now mandatory in restaurants in high-crime areas.

how to
aid the
person who is
being choked
while eating

The "Hey, Leave That Guy Alone" Maneuver



If these reasoning tactics fail,
SCREAM FOR THE POLICE.

If they don't come, take a plate and smash it over the choker's head, spit in his face, or poke him with a fork. Any one of these will cause him to release the choking victim and possibly go after you. If he grabs you and now you are being choked, gesture with your chin at this poster to someone so that he can now assist you.

WHAT TO DO:

First try to reason with the choker. Here are some things to say:

Leave the guy alone.

That's mature, choking a guy like that.
(Be real sarcastic.)

This isn't necessary.

HOW TO TELL if someone is being choked while eating:

2.
A person is
behind him
choking him.

1.
There are two
hands around
his neck.

3.
He is gagging and it
is obvious he is being
choked while eating.



Sirs:

If I'd rented the video, my penis wouldn't be in a jar at the Smithsonian!

John Dillinger
Outside the Biograph Theatre

Sirs:

Boy, I'd sure like to be the rage on campuses again. What should I do—streak? Write a sequel to *Siddhartha*? But I guess you *NatLamp* guys are asking yourselves the same questions. So it goes.

Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.
Dig it!

Sirs:

Sure, the AIDS quilt is deeply moving—but *really*, isn't it a trifle "busy"?

Alexander Julian
Off the record

Sirs:

After broccoli, cunnilingus is a close second.

George Bush
*Lincoln Bedroom,
Sugar Walls,
White House*

Sirs:

Okay—you can take off the blindfold. We just fucked your girlfriend.

Penn and Teller
At a theater near you

Sirs:

Pump, schmump. I've been wearing those for years.

Bozo the Clown
Chicago, Ill.

Sirs:

Murdered, hell. I died of boredom.

Laura Palmer
Twin Peaks, Wash.

Sirs:

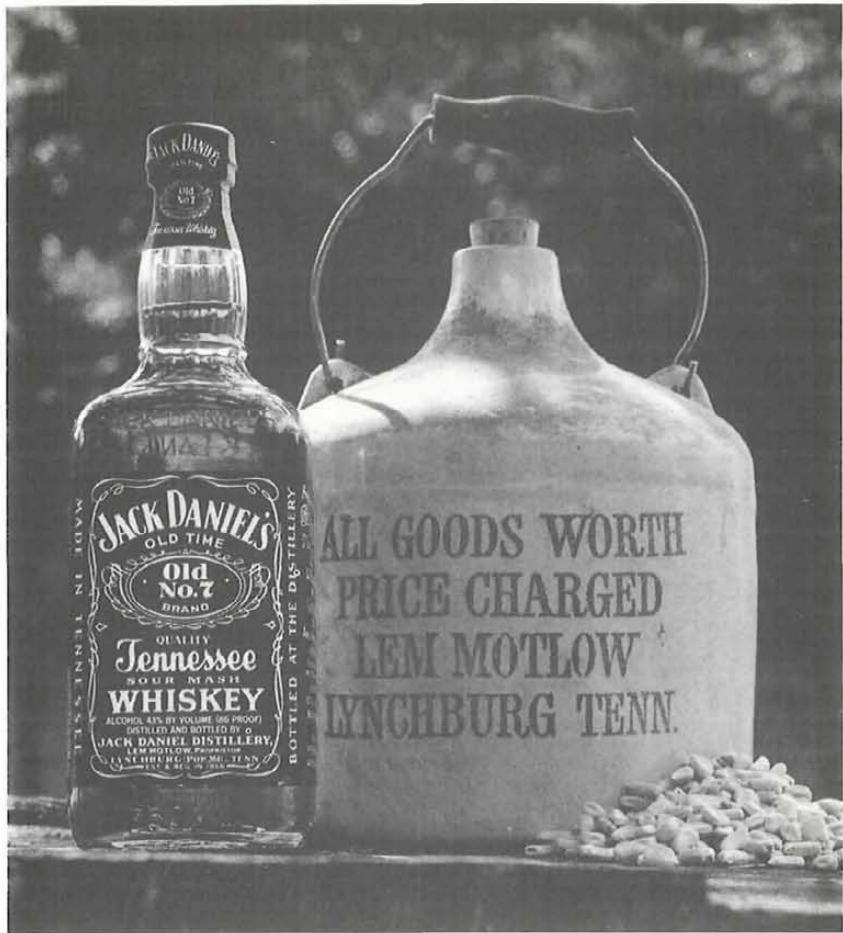
Our next paper will announce our discovery of rudimentary social functioning in the audience of *The Arsenio Hall Show*.

Dian Fossey
Jane Goodall
London, England

Sirs:

Your lips say no, but your eyes say yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, and yes.

The Fly
At a singles bar



Come on down to Jack Daniel's someday and tour our oldtime distillery.

"ALL GOODS WORTH PRICE CHARGED," is what Jack Daniel's nephew said in 1907. We're still saying it today.

Mr. Lem Motlow put this slogan on crocks and jugs of his uncle's whiskey. You see, he knew our Jack Daniel's Tennessee whiskey was made with Tennessee cavespring water and mellowed through hard maple charcoal before aging. Mr. Motlow knew value when he saw it. And still today, though Jack Daniel's is priced above many whiskeys, a sip will prove its worth.

SMOOTH SIPPIN'
TENNESSEE WHISKEY



Tennessee Whiskey • 40-43% alcohol by volume (80-86 proof) • Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery, Lem Motlow, Proprietor, Route 1, Lynchburg (Pop 361), Tennessee 37352
Placed in the National Register of Historic Places by the United States Government.



Sirs:
Sorry, Flipper!
Hello, Charlie!

Star-Kist
Win a few, lose a few

Sirs:
Red eyes in the morning,
Alaskans take warning.

Joseph Hazelwood
Prince William Sound

Sirs:
I'll give you fifty bucks for a blowjob: ten dollars down, and the rest in six months. My handshake is my word.

Donald Trump
*Under the boardwalk at the Taj
Atlantic City, N.J.*

Sirs:
Honey, could you spit on the American flag for me? I'm in the shower. . . .

Jane Fonda
Ted Turner's house

Sirs:
And that's why I named these handcuffs after my daughter, Wendy. And this trapeze . . . and this latex grope suit. . .

The Dark Side
of Dave Thomas

Sirs:
Hey, I've been recycling my jokes for years!

David Steinberg
The "green" comedian

Sirs:
*An old pond
And a frog jumps in
Balls-deep.*

Andrew Dice Clay
Experimenting with haikus

Sirs:
Oh, great, I'm being stolen. Fine. I need this, I really do. Don't worry about me, drive faster. Sure, crash into something and kill us both. You couldn't have ruined someone else's day, Mr. Sunshine? I'm going to need gas sooner or later, you know. The good stuff. What, you're pulling over? You're just leaving me here? Great. Fine. This is perfect, a great way to end my day. No, you were going to leave, so leave. Who needs you?

Car Kvetch
*The most effective talking car alarm
in the world*

Sirs:
Enough with the endless replicating! Time to stop and smell the roses! Get centered.

Cancer Cell
Inside Bernie Siegel

Sirs:
We thought we'd put our heads together and write a book that *twice* as many people wouldn't read!

Stephen Hawking
Umberto Eco
*The Name of the
Brief History of Time*

Sirs:
Everyone who wishes that I had ODED, please raise your hands. . . . What is this, "We Are the World"?

Carrie Fisher
Hollywood, Calif.

Sirs:
Shiite happens.

Terry Anderson
Beirut

Sirs:
The 217th blade penetrates the substratum granulosum. . . .
The 218th blade quotes Keats. . . .

Gillette
Enough already

Sirs:
I agree with Pauline Kael. I liked your earlier, funnier letters.

Woody Allen
New York, N.Y.

SEPARATED AT DEATH?



Memories of Me costar
Alan King...



and black stallion
Martin Luther King?



Buoyant U.S. senator
Ted Kennedy...



and seat-belted secretary
Mary Jo Kopechne?



The baby in the film
Look Who's Talking...



and fascist offspring
the Lindbergh baby?

All photos AP/Wide World

—Gilbert Gottfried



GILBERT GOTTFRIED'S PAGE

(GIVE OR TAKE A PAGE)

AS ANYONE WHO HAS SEEN COMEDIAN GILBERT GOTTFRIED ON STAGE, SCREEN, OR TV CAN TELL YOU, IT'S AN EXPERIENCE THAT MAKES THE SECOND COMING OF CHRIST PALE IN COMPARISON. IS THERE ANYTHING THIS BELOVED GIFT TO MANKIND HASN'T MASTERED? WELL, YES. THAT'S WHY IN THIS ISSUE WE PRESENT:

Gilbert Gottfried, Magazine Publisher!

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT. I'VE BEEN HIRED TO TRY AND SAVE THE FAILING HUMOR MAGAZINE, LAFF-BAG.*



*IN NO WAY DO WE EXPECT YOU TO MISTAKE LAFF-BAG MAGAZINE WITH THE WONDERFUL NATIONAL LAMPOON.

GEE, I HOPE NO ONE CONFUSES ME WITH NATIONAL LAMPOON PUBLISHER AND COMIC ACTOR, TIM MATHESON, WHO WAS RIVETING AS ANN JILLIAN'S LOVE INTEREST IN THAT TV MOVIE I DON'T REMEMBER THE NAME OF....

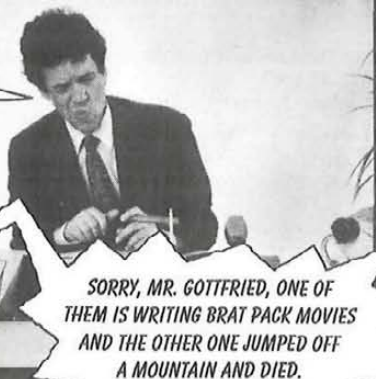


LET'S SEE... STEP ONE: STAGE AN UNFRIENDLY TAKEOVER OF LAFF-BAG MAGAZINE.*



*NOT NATIONAL LAMPOON.

STEP TWO: HIRE BACK SOME OF THE CREATORS OF THE ORIGINAL LAFF-BAG MAGAZINE!



SORRY, MR. GOTTFRIED, ONE OF THEM IS WRITING BRAT PACK MOVIES AND THE OTHER ONE JUMPED OFF A MOUNTAIN AND DIED.

STEP THREE: COME UP WITH A FUNNY COVER LIKE A DORKY TEENAGER DRINKING A BEER! IT'LL BE OUR SPECIAL SUMMER ISSUE! MAYBE A DORKY TEENAGER DRINKING A BEER, EATING POTATO CHIPS, AND PINCHING A GIRL WITH BIG TITS!*



*NATIONAL LAMPOON WOULD NEVER DO SOMETHING THAT OBVIOUS.

George Bogart



AND OF COURSE, I'LL HAVE PICTURES OF HOT-LOOKING BABES!

HEY, WAIT A MINUTE. YOU'RE NOT THAT PREPPY-LOOKING COMIC ACTOR WHO STARRED IN THE SOMEWHAT OVERRATED ANIMAL HOUSE!



WELL, NO. YOU SEE, THIS IS THE NO LONGER FUNNY HUMOR MAGAZINE, LAFF-BAG.

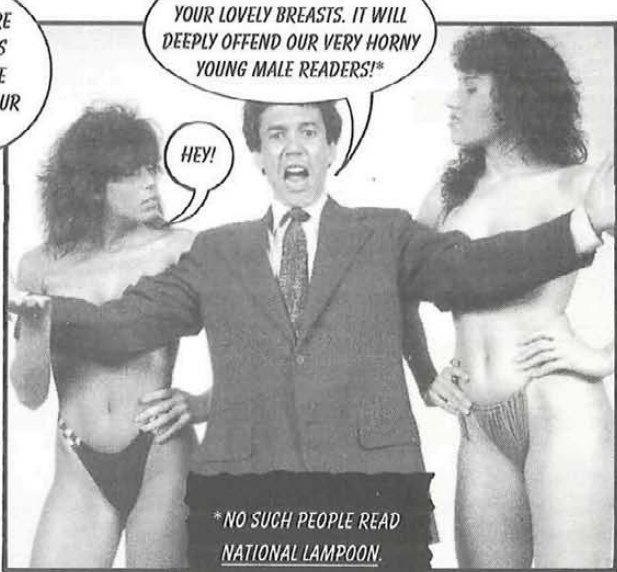
ENOUGH SMALL TALK. LET'S TAKE OFF OUR BRAS AND SHOW YOUR READERS OUR TITS.



NO! STOP! WE NO LONGER CAN SHOW NUDITY!

OH, IGNORE HIM, LET'S SHOW THE READERS OUR TITS.

BUT THAT'S CRAZY. LOOK AT THESE GREAT TITS!



PLEASE DON'T SHOW YOUR LOVELY BREASTS. IT WILL DEEPLY OFFEND OUR VERY HORNY YOUNG MALE READERS!*

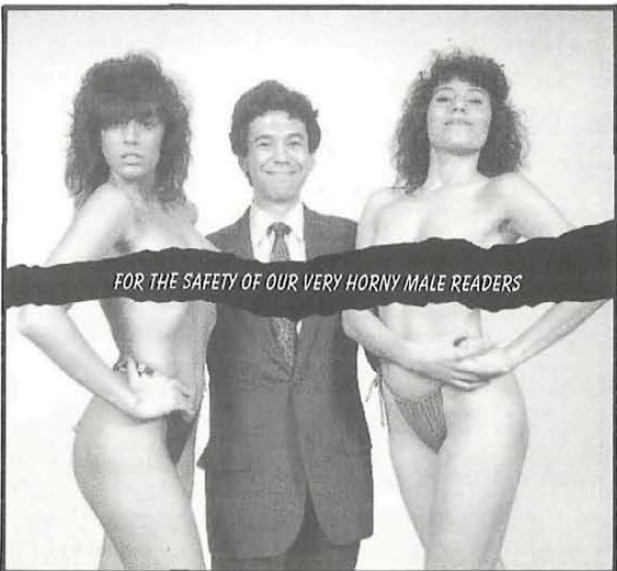
HEY!

*NO SUCH PEOPLE READ NATIONAL LAMPOON.

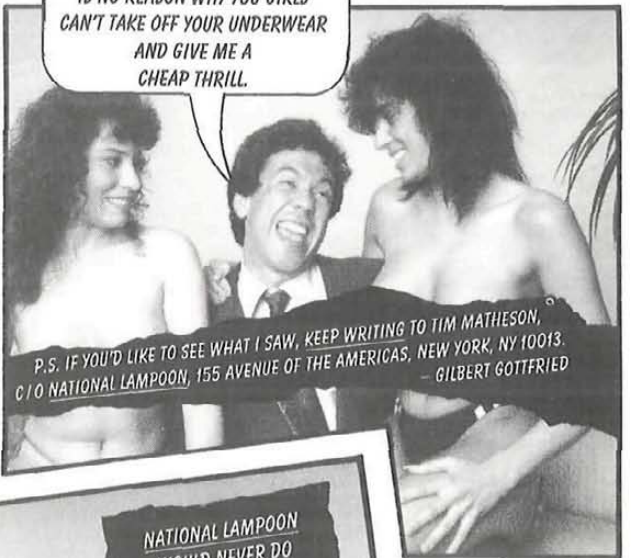


PUT YOUR HANDS DOWN NOW!

OKAY. YOU'LL BE SORRY!



FOR THE SAFETY OF OUR VERY HORNY MALE READERS



THE END

NATIONAL LAMPOON 17



Paula Abdul: Forever Your Girl (Virgin) 00933
Janet Jackson's Rhythm Nation 1814 (A&M) 72386
Aerosmith: Pump (Geffen) 63678



Sinéad O' Connor: I Do Not Want What I Haven't Got (Chrysalis) 33512
Clint Black: Killin' Time (RCA) 01112
Skid Row (Atlantic) 01038
20 Collector's Records Of The '50s & '60s, Vol. 1 (Laurie) 70224
Roxette: Look Sharp! (EMI) 01106
Tanya Tucker: Tennessee Woman (Capitol) 54399
Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles/Soundtrack (SBK) 00725
Jane Child (Warner Bros.) 60204
Alan Jackson: Here In The Real World (Arista) 53833
Wilson Phillips (SBK) 00726

TWIN SETS Double the music Count as one!

The Who: Who's Better, Who's Best (MCA) 00790
Kenny G: Live (Arista) 64505
Reba McEntire: Reba Live (MCA) 44602
Jimi Hendrix: Electric Ladyland (Reprise) 23362
Barry Manilow: Live On Broadway (Arista) 24805
Nitty Gritty Dirt Band: Will The Circle Be Unbroken, Vol. 2 (Universal) 93648
The Beach Boys: Made In U.S.A. (Capitol) 64143

Alannah Myles (Atlantic) 30045
The B-52's: Cosmic Thing (Reprise) 14742
Eric Clapton: Journeyman (Warner Bros.) 53940
Best Of Eric Clapton: Time Pieces (Polydor) 23385
Kentucky Headhunters: Pickin' On Nashville (Mercury) 24740
Whitney Houston: Whitney (Arista) 52854
Lorrie Morgan: Leave The Light On (RCA) 01111
Guns N' Roses: Appetite For Destruction (Geffen) 70348
Best Of Dire Straits: Money For Nothing (Warner Bros.) 00713
The Moody Blues: Greatest Hits (Threshold) 34284
Duran Duran: Decade (Greatest Hits) (Capitol) 73573
The Glenn Miller Orch.: In The Digital Mood (GR) 43293
Best Of Mitch Ryder & The Detroit Wheels: Rev Up (Rhino) 64188
Willie Nelson: All Time Greatest Hits, Vol. 1 (RCA) 00705
Peter Murphy: Deep (RCA) 44638
Love And Rockets (RCA) 01083
Whitesnake: Slip Of The Tongue (Geffen) 01147
Exile: Still Standing (Arista) 14861
Anderson, Bruford, Wakeman, Howe (Arista) 01115
Yes: Fragile (Atlantic) 53807
Elton John: Sleeping With The Past (MCA) 10469
Highway 101: Paint The Town (Warner Bros.) 14820
Great Love Songs Of The '50s & '60s, Vol. 1 (Laurie) 20768
Dan Seals: On Arrival (Capitol) 63634
John Williams/Boston Pops: Pops In Space (Philips) 05392

Billy Idol: Charmed Life (Chrysalis) 62264
Milli Vanilli: Girl You Know It's True (Arista) 01048
Randy Travis: No Holdin' Back (Warner Bros.) 34766
Quincy Jones: Back On The Block (Warner Bros.) 64116
Johnny Cash: Boom Chicka Boom (Mercury) 44574
Tom Petty: Full Moon Fever (MCA) 33911
George Harrison: Best Of Dark Horse, 1976-89 (Dark Horse) 80307
The Traveling Wilburys: Vol. One (Wilbury) 00711
Roy Orbison: The Sun Years (Rhino) 30985
Anne Murray: Greatest Hits, Vol. 2 (Capitol) 33332
Horowitz At Home (DG) 25211
Earl Klugh: Solo Guitar (Warner Bros.) 63942
The Stallor Brothers: Live And Sold Out (Mercury) 70440
R.E.M.: Green (Warner Bros.) 00715



Robert Plant: Manic Nirvana (Es Paranza) 54122
Led Zeppelin IV (Runes) (Atlantic) 12014
Kathy Mattea: Willow In The Wind (Mercury) 60075
Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young: Greatest Hits (So Far) (Atlantic) 30230
Nell Young: Freedom (Reprise) 54012
George Strait: Beyond The Blue Neon (MCA) 01025
Def Leppard: Hysteria (Mercury) 00927

Heart: Brigade (Capitol) 64305
Taylor Dayne: Can't Fight Fate (Arista) 01114
Garth Brooks (Capitol) 33963
The Black Crowes: Shake Your Moneymaker (Geffen) 52142
The Cure: Disintegration (Elektra) 01109
Rod Stewart's Greatest Hits (Warner Bros.) 33779
Kenny Rogers: Something Inside So Strong (Reprise) 82493
Air Supply: Greatest Hits (Arista) 34424
Pavarotti At Carnegie Hall (London) 15311
Richard Marx: Repeat Offender (EMI) 01118
Waylon Jennings: New Classic Waylon (MCA) 33805
Dave Grusin: Collection (GRP) 00929
Van Halen: OU812 (Warner Bros.) 50913
Dirty Dancing/Soundtrack (RCA) 82522
Raffi In Concert (A&M) 54361
Dolly Parton: Greatest Hits (RCA) 14090
John Cougar Mellencamp: Big Daddy (Mercury) 80064
The Police: Every Breath You Take—The Singles (A&M) 73924
Tone-Loc: Loc-Ed After Dark (Delicious) 01033
Dionne Warwick: Greatest Hits (Arista) 00667
Lionel Richie: The Composer (Motown) 24700
Patsy Cline: 12 Greatest Hits (MCA) 53849
Tommy Dorsey/Frank Sinatra: All-Time Greatest Hits, Vol. 1 (RCA) 24462
Dwight Yoakam: Just Lookin' For A Hit (Reprise) 74052
Grateful Dead: Built To Last (Arista) 72230
Anita Baker: Giving You The Best That I Got (Elektra) 00586

Bruce Hornsby & The Range: A Night On The Town (RCA) 63689
U2: Rattle And Hum (Island) 00596
Cher: Heart Of Stone (Geffen) 42874
The Dizzy Gillespie Symphony Sessions (Pro Jazz) 44022
Gun: Taking On The World (A&M) 82473
Kiss: Hot In The Shade (Mercury) 53475
James Galway: Greatest Hits (RCA) 73233
Kitaro: The Kojiki (Record Of Ancient Masters) (Geffen) 43758

Hank Williams, Jr.: Lone Wolf (Warner Bros.) 64311
Linda Ronstadt: Cry Like A Rainstorm, Howl Like The Wind (Elektra) 52221
The Judds: River Of Time (RCA) 01027
ZZ Top: Afterburner (Warner Bros.) 64042
The Sound Of Music/Soundtrack (RCA) 00046
L.A. Guns: Cocked And Loaded (Vertigo) 64121
Heifetz: Decca Masters, Vol. 2 (MCA) 00605
The Doobie Brothers: Cycles (Capitol) 73187

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Fleetwood Mac: Behind The Mask (Warner Brothers) 43766
Stevie Nicks: The Other Side Of The Mirror (Modern) 70946
Mötley Crüe: Dr. Feelgood (Elektra) 33928
Enuff 'Z' Nuff (ATCO) 64257
Restless Heart: Fast Movin' Train (RCA) 10802
Alice Cooper: Prince Of Darkness (MCA) 63192
Amy Grant: The Collection (A&M) 44643
Phil Collins: No Jacket Required (Atlantic) 20771
Expose: What You Don't Know (Arista) 00937
Scorpions: Best Of Rockers 'N' Ballads (Mercury) 63492
Alabama: Greatest Hits (RCA) 20247
Eddie Brickell: Shooting Rubber Bands... (Geffen) 00789
Neil Diamond: The Jazz Singer (Capitol) 32877
Prince: Batman/Soundtrack (Warner Bros.) 60344
Guns N' Roses: GN'R Lies (Geffen) 00805
They Might Be Giants: Flood (Elektra) 14772

Tommy Page: Paintings In My Mind (Sire) 60184
The London Quireboys: A Bit Of What You Fancy (Capitol) 14798
Bon Jovi: New Jersey (Mercury) 00516



Lisa Stansfield: Affection (Arista) 34198
Tanya Tucker: Greatest Hits (Capitol) 53958
Eagles: Their Greatest Hits 1971-75 (Asylum) 23401
Don Henley: The End Of The Innocence (Geffen) 01064
Eddie Rabbitt: Jersey Boy (Capitol) 24350
The Judds' Greatest Hits (RCA) 44578
Slaughter: Stick It To Ya (Chrysalis) 42308
Najee: Tokyo Blue (EMI) 44482

Carly Simon: My Romance (Arista) 24824
Bobby Brown: Dance!...ya know it (RCA) 73660
Ghostbusters II/Soundtrack (MCA) 51964
Metallica: Master Of Puppets (Elektra) 34552
Dolly Parton, Linda Ronstadt, Emmylou Harris: Trio (Warner Bros.) 14804
The Church: Gold Afternoon Fix (Arista) 71667
Norrington: Beethoven, Symphony No. 9 (Choral) (Angel) 00467
D.J. Jazzy Jeff & The Fresh Prince: And In This Corner... (Jive) 01020
Tina Turner: Foreign Affair (Capitol) 32900
The Best Of Little Anthony & The Imperials (Rhino) 33581
Irving Berlin: Always (Verve) 00808
Winger (Atlantic) 00830

Depeche Mode: Violator (Sire) 73408
Tesla: The Great Radio Controversy (Geffen) 00639
Dianne Reeves: Never Too Far (EMI) 44301
Pretty Woman/Soundtrack (EMI) 34631
Michelle (Ruthless) 40090
Lita Ford: Sillelto (RCA) 63893
Julia Fordham: Porcelain (Virgin) 50098
Cinderella: Long Cold Winter (Mercury) 14780
Slatkin: Classic Marches (RCA) 00996

Bonnie Raitt: Nick Of Time (Capitol) 54410
Fine Young Cannibals: The Raw And The Cooked (I.R.S.) 01068
Tears For Fears: The Seeds Of Love (Fontana) 33653
Pat Benatar: Best Shots (Chrysalis) 44319
Tommy James & The Shondells: Anthology (Rhino) 44185
Patty Loveless: Honky Tonk Angel (MCA) 01037
The Smithereens 11 (Capitol) 10619

Tracy Chapman: Crossroads (Elektra) 42496
Great White: Twice Shy (Capitol) 01100
Keith Whitley: I Wonder Do You Think Of Me (RCA) 33768
Madonna: Like A Prayer (Sire) 01029
Little Feat: Representing The Mambo (Warner Brothers) 43785
Johnny Clegg & Savuka: Cruel, Crazy, Beautiful World (Capitol) 44564
Hank Williams, Jr.: Greatest Hits III (Warner/Curb) 00840
Desert Rose Band: Pages Of Life (MCA/Curb) 54585
Simon & Garfunkel: Concert In Central Park (Warner Bros.) 44006
Elvis Presley 18 No. 1 Hits (RCA) 72190

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1 EASY LISTENING (Instrumentals/Vocal Moods) 2 COUNTRY

3 HARD ROCK 4 POP/SOFT ROCK 5 CLASSICAL

③ RUSH ME THESE HITS NOW (indicate by number):

--	--	--	--

④ MR. MRS. MISS

Address: _____ First Name _____ Initial _____ Last Name _____ (PLEASE PRINT)
 Apt. _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Telephone (Area Code) _____

Signature _____

⑤ Have you bought anything else by mail in last 6 months year never

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SIGNS OF THE TIMES



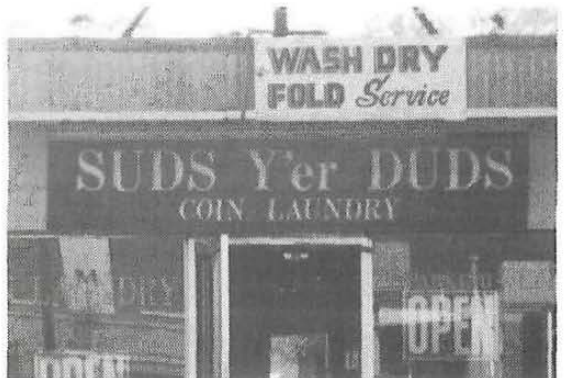
J. Corbridge



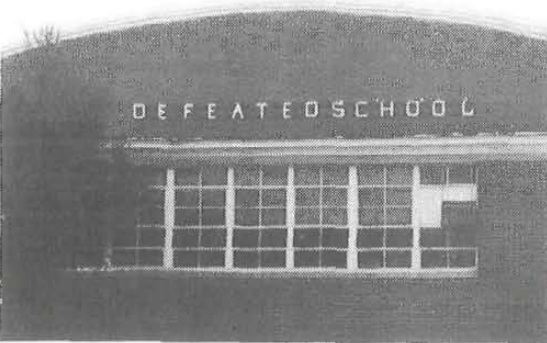
Damon Foster



Nicole Bassett



John Dunbar



Tom Dorman



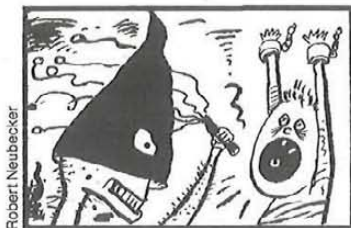
Daniel Barth



Greg Neely



E. A. Minahan



TRUE FACTS

EDITED BY JOHN BENDEL

EDWARD STRAZA, OWNER of the Tyre King dump in Hagersville, Ontario, lapsed into depression after a fire destroyed his favorite stack of used tires.

Straza admitted he "cried like a baby" when he visited the veritable mountain of tires, which was still burning after more than a week.

"I'm thinking of leaving the country. I know I'll never touch another tire in my life," said Straza, who claimed he had been on tranquilizers since the fire started.

"I loved that tire pile," he said. "I spent seven days a week building it. It was the cleanest, neatest, straightest pile." (Saskatoon, Saskatchewan) *Star Phoenix* (contributed by Tracy Campbell)

THE AGE OF MELBOURNE, Australia, reported that Sharon Szabo sued for damages after being hit by a large frozen fish during the world tuna-tossing championships. A competitor lost his grip on the tuna, which sailed into the crowd of spectators, hitting Mrs. Szabo.

Organizers of the Tunarama Festival, which hosted the tuna-tossing event, are "trying to make the sport safer by getting an Adelaide company to make a rubber tuna for the event." (contributed by Grant Reynolds)

"GET READY FOR THE fourth annual Alzheimer's Association Chocolate Jubilee from 2:00 to 4:00 P.M. Sunday at Somerset Inn in Troy," read the announcement in the *Detroit Free Press*.

The notice for the Alzheimer group's event appeared under the headline "Start drooling." (contributed by Ed Bumpass)

ISRAELI BUSINESSMAN Rafi Orel has found a new advertising medium: ads printed on fresh chicken eggs. "You

can't ignore it when you open the refrigerator," said Orel.

Orel's first client, Eastman Kodak, ordered nine million eggs imprinted with its logo and the slogan "Take a picture with Kodak."

Before Sorel could offer his new service, however, he had to wait for Israel's rabbinate to decide if the dye used for the ads was kosher. *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette* (contributed by Barry Horton)

A SKI-MASKED BANDIT attempted to rob a Circle K convenience store in Tulsa, Oklahoma, armed with a pair of pliers. The pliers-wielding thief fled empty-handed, however, after the clerk on duty whacked him with a hammer. *Tulsa Tribune* (contributed by Tina Platt)

GERARD PAWLOSKI, WHO often waited impatiently on the front porch of his Grand Rapids, Michigan, home for the mailman to arrive with his government disability check, opened fire with a twelve-gauge shotgun on a substitute postman who showed up five hours late.

"He was shooting like crazy at the mailman and at the car in front of him, filling the car full of holes," said neighbor Alan Peckham, who recalled that Pawloski seemed oddly calm.

"I walked up to about fifteen or twenty feet away from him and asked him what he was doing," said Peckham. "He said he was shooting at the postman."

"Jerry was mumbling to himself. It was just like it was his job or something. He wasn't sweating, shaking, or nothing. It was like he was skeet shooting."

Hit three times, the mailman was listed in fair condition, while a pedestrian and two passing motorists received minor wounds. Altogether, Pawloski fired twenty-five rounds.

Denver Post (contributed by Bryan K. Chavez)

A MALE STUDENT AT THE University of Massachusetts was taken by ambulance to Cooley Dickinson Hospital and treated for burns apparently suffered while going through a dishwasher at the Worcester Dining Common.

A university employee said the student rode a conveyor belt through the nineteen-foot washer, which uses 180-degree-Fahrenheit water for the final rinse cycle. (University of Massachusetts) *Collegian* (contributed by Emily Roche)

WHILE ORGANIZERS OF an anti-government rally in Moscow expected half a million protesters for a march to the Kremlin, only 100,000 showed up. Other potential demonstrators were apparently distracted by extraordinary government efforts to keep them occupied.

Shops normally closed on Sunday, for example, were open, and Moscow television

"hastily organized a phone-in lottery, with the winners to receive copies of a previously banned series of nineteenth-century history books."

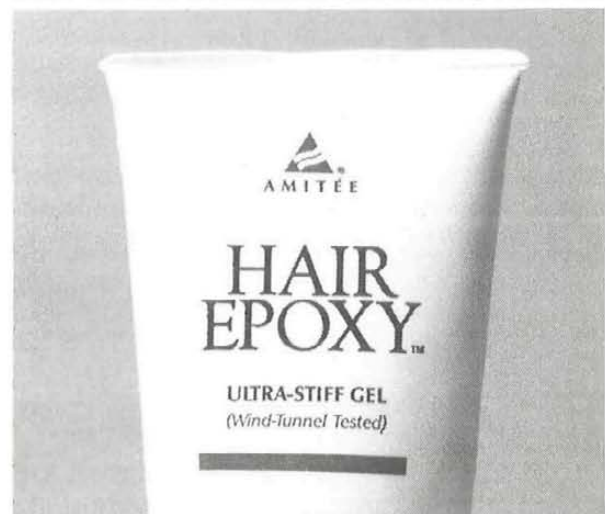
Perhaps the greatest distraction, though, was a string of first-run movies on television, kicked off with a Polish soft-porn film called *The Sex Mission* at nine in the morning "instead of children's films and documentaries about farm life." *Cincinnati Post* (contributed by Robert E. Malchman)

FROM SCENE MAGAZINE of Cleveland:

"Habit Jar will play their brand of post-progressive torch songs when they perform at the Symposium this Saturday, March 3. A musical séance is planned in the festivities. The band will be attempting to contact W. C. Fields, Emily Brontë, and the state of Idaho." (contributed by Lorraine Lash)

NINETY-YEAR-OLD Henry Homer died of severe burns suffered over 90 per- (CONTINUED ON PAGE 24)

Great Products, Part I: For That Casual Granite Look



contributed by Alexis Hanson

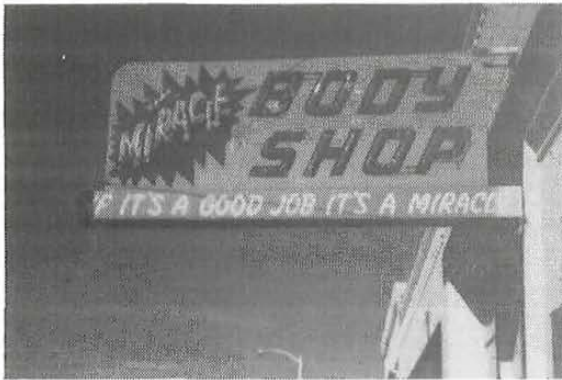
SWELL SLOGANS



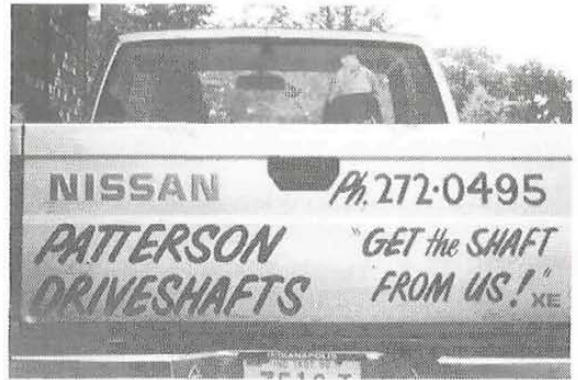
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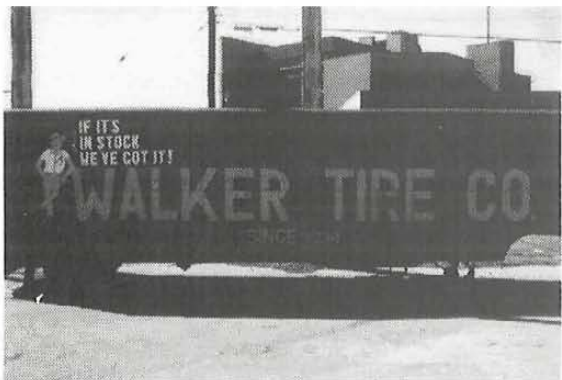
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(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21)
cent of his body at the Mount Sinai Medical Center in Miami Beach.

According to the *Chicago Sun-Times*, "Homer had gone to the second-floor dermatology department at a doctor's office in the medical center, undressed, and stepped into an ultraviolet-light booth for treatment of psoriasis."

The retired furniture executive was supposed to be in the booth for twenty seconds. He stayed for twenty minutes.

"They put him in there and forgot about him," said Homer's son. (contributed by S. J. Peters)

FROM THE PAGES OF THE *Sierra County* (New Mexico) *Sentinel*:

"7:20 A.M.—A seventy-two-year-old woman of the 400 block of Hackberry Lane complained about receiving threats but she was unsure how she got them, Officer Fitzgerald said in reports." (contributed by Ruth Burke)

NEWSWEEK REPORTED that a disc jockey on KLOS in Los Angeles made this memorable statement after a February

earthquake:

"The telephone company is urging people to *please* not use the telephone unless it is absolutely necessary in order to keep the lines open for emergency personnel. We'll be right back after this break to give away a pair of Phil Collins concert tickets to caller number 95." (contributed by Allan Gordon)

IN PARKERSBURG, WEST Virginia, thieves broke into a Wendy's restaurant after hours, "fired up the grill, and cooked up batches of hamburgers and French fries before leaving."

"I never heard of anything like this happening in our chain before," said manager Dee Murphy. *Wisconsin State Journal* (contributed by Bruce Baranski)

CORRECTION FROM THE *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*:

"In his column yesterday, Tom Hritz incorrectly stated that the Reverend Duane Darks was dressed as a circus ringmaster when he was sworn in as a city councilman last week. Darks was in clerical garb during the ceremony." (contributed by P. J. O'Malia)

TWO MEN ARRIVED AT the home of an eighty-year-old Roland, Arkansas, woman, claimed to be Social Security inspectors, and told her they needed to examine her heart and lungs. She disrobed, plac-

ing her bra under a pillow, and lay face down on the bed.

The men left hastily after removing \$6,530 in cash from her bra. *Arkansas Gazette* (contributed by Don Baker)

POLICE STOPPED JOHN B. Griffin in Ashfield, Massachusetts, and charged him with unlawful possession of an animal. The forty-nine-year-old man, who lives at a local campground, had tied a live squirrel with nylon cord to the windshield wiper of his Cadillac. *Boston Globe* (contributed by Patricia Mathews)

STATE BIOLOGISTS WERE counting fish in a submarine 690 feet under the sea off the coast of Sitka, Alaska, when they spotted the carcass of a cow. The scientists had no theories about how the sunken skeleton, identified as a Holstein, got there. *Austin American-Statesman* (contributed by John F. Ybarbo)

SEVEN PEOPLE DIED when two buses collided in Enugu-Ezike in the eastern part of Nigeria. At the time of the crash the two drivers, who were among the dead, were trying to slap each other's hands in greeting as the vehicles passed on the road. *Associated Press* (contributed by Ric LaFollette)

A 1986 LAWSUIT CONCERNING the fire that destroyed Vital Industries' main plant in Gainesville, Florida, has finally been settled. The Wells Fargo security company agreed to pay \$8.75 million in damages after their night guard on duty at the time of the blaze admitted he had tossed flaming paper balls at a trash can to pass the time when he got bored. *Associated Press* (contributed by Mike Kessler)

THOMAS CARRY, OF North Park, California, was admitted to the hospital in grave condition after accidentally shooting himself in the head. The forty-nine-year-old man, who is deaf, blind in one eye, and has lost one of his legs, had been showing friends his new revolver, which he did not think was loaded. *San Diego Union* (contributed by Bradley J. Cronk)

THE BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA, water board reversed itself after newspapers reported that disabled widow Lula Finley, without water for six weeks, was told the board "could not afford to repair a broken water main."

Finley claimed she was told that "board members were too busy dealing with complaints about their \$30,000-plus part-time pay to put her request on their agenda." *Columbus (Georgia) Ledger Enquirer* (contributed by Ruth Haase)

FURNIA BAKKER, MOTHER of jailed evangelist Jim Bakker, said her son studies English in prison when he isn't doing janitorial work.

"He got 100 percent on his test," said Mrs. Bakker. "Maybe now they won't make him clean those toilets." *Los Angeles Times* (contributed by Bill O'Rourke)

U.S. AIR FORCE FIRE-fighters at an air base in Spain accidentally backed over their Dalmatian mascot during routine training. With purebred Dalmatians costing as much as six hundred dollars, said Sergeant Adriano G. Machado, the unit could not afford to buy a new one.

According to *Stars and Stripes*, "Chispa, Spanish for Sparky, was buried behind the fire station next to her predecessor, Spot, who died in a similar accident twelve years ago." (contributed by Donald Doherty)

ATTENTION, CONTRIBUTORS! We now send each contributor the sensational new "True Facts" T-shirt for every submission used, as well as a credit. For every photo used, we'll send each contributor a T-shirt plus ten dollars in genuine American currency—and, of course, a credit. Make sure to include the shirt size you want (S-M-L-XL) with every group of True Facts or True Facts photos sent us. Send your contributions to

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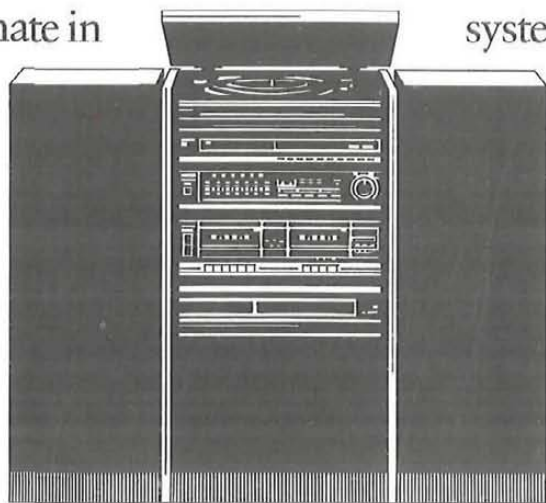
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contributed by R. B. Martin

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Robert Neubecker

TRUE FACTS REPORTER

BY JOHN BENDEL

TELEPHONE EDITION LONG-DISTANCE JOLLIES

Your True Facts Reporter recently interviewed a professional phone-sex girl known to her regular customers as Bunny, a high school nickname she decided to use because, she said, "I knew I'd answer to it." Bunny's observations on the phone-sex business follow.

I have fun at cocktail parties. I look people right in the eye and say, "I talk dirty on the phone, collect, for money." And believe me, that starts some very unusual conversations.

The number-one thing most people ask me is "What do you say to those people?" Sometimes they say, "What do those people say to you?" Most of the time I'll turn that off with "You really don't want to know." And they'll say, "But I do! I do!" So I tell them a little bit and they go, "Eeww!"

I thought I'd seen it all. I had been an exotic dancer. I had been a lingerie model in a place called Paradise Tanning Salon, a man's paradise where basically you dance around in a teddy for some guy whacking off in a tanning machine. This was the only excitement there was in Huntsville, Alabama, at the time. The guys would pay forty bucks a pop for that particular privilege.

And then I heard of phone sex. At the time I was working in market research up in San Francisco, and I was reading the *Bay Guardian* and I saw this ad where they wanted people to work from home, talk nasty on the phone, and get paid for it. I said, that sounds like such an easy job. I gotta try this.

So I get this paper saying how much I'd get paid per call. It was a strictly commission thing. I said, oh gee, this is gonna be great. I worked for commission before for phone sales and it stank. But this is different. You don't have to go out and find somebody who wants you to talk dirty. It's a heck of a lot easier.

The guys call the service. They take his credit-card number and charge him whatever. I have no idea what. I only know what I get paid, and it's nothing near like what the guys pay. I get paid three dollars to six dollars depending on the length of the call. I also get an extra dollar if they ask for me by name. The service calls me, gives me the

guy's number, and I call him collect.

A lot of callers want to know what I look like, which is nothing like what I describe.

Get this. This is how I describe myself to the average caller [her voice drops and takes on a breathy, sonorous timbre]: I'm about five-foot-six. I have honey-blond hair down to my waist, violet eyes. My measurements are 36-22-34.

A willowy blond with tits from hell, right?

Now, if you ever meet anyone with those actual measurements, please give her my number. I want to meet her. I want to find out how in the hell she did that. It's like Scarlett O'Hara, okay? Thirty-six is average-to-good on boobs. Thirty-four is a teeny-weeny little butt. How did this woman do this? Big tits and no butt. I'm not a blimp, but I'm certainly no 36-22-34.

Picture a slightly overweight, middle-aged broad, chain-smoking, drinking a Pepsi, and doing a crossword puzzle while talking on the phone, because that's what I'm usually doing.

Of course that's only if you consider twenty-seven middle-aged. I never thought of twenty-seven as middle-aged until I got "Oh, an older girl! Cool!" But some guys specifically request an older woman.

I get all kinds of requests. I get: be Oriental, be black, be older, be younger, be European. For European, I give 'em whatever I feel like doing. Most of the time it's a cross between Birmingham English and lower-class Dublinese, and I tell 'em I'm from Iceland. They don't know.

Sometimes I do Swedish. A lot of guys want that. And there's been a recent surge of interest in Australian women, I don't know why. Maybe it's *Crocodile Dundee*

movies or something. But I get guys who want to talk to Australian women, so I do an Aussie.

I really hate doing black, because it's like Aunt Jemima city, and I feel like a racist doing it. But otherwise, they won't believe I'm black. I've tried doing it with just straight normal speech, and I say, *I am black, honey*. But they don't believe me. I know girls who worked for the service who were in fact black and who didn't sound—quote, unquote—black. And the guys are all, "You're not black. You don't sound black." So then we give 'em, "Okay, baby, I be black, awright?"

The most stupid question I get is "What's the kinkiest thing you've ever done?" I hate that question. It's my least favorite question. When they ask me that, I know no matter what I say, it's going to be the wrong answer. It's either not kinky enough or it's way too kinky.

There are some guys to whom rear entry is unspeakably kinky. There are some guys to whom doing it in a pile of dog mess with their grandmother is not kinky enough. You never know what the hell they expect from you when they ask that question. So I just hate it.

The funniest call I ever had has to have been this guy who wanted to fantasize that he shoved peeled, hard-boiled eggs up the old frama-zama, had me squat over his face, lay eggs, and cluck like a chicken. I had the hardest time getting through that call with a straight face. At first I thought he was joking, but he wasn't joking, so I laughed while I clucked, just cracking up through the whole thing.

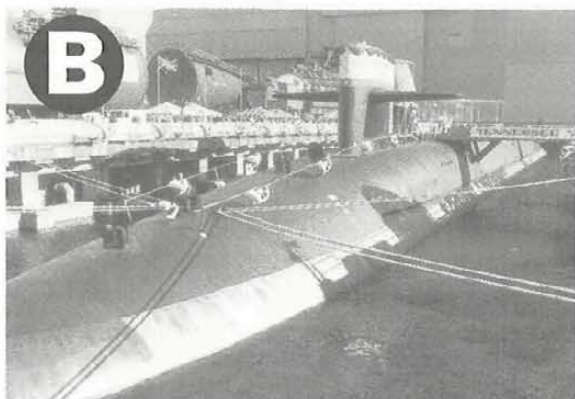
I also had a guy—in fact, he's called several times—who wants what he calls a



Robert Neubecker

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"submissive young thing." And he has what is supposedly a rape fantasy, but it's so surrealistic that I can't feel threatened by it at all. I just have to get through it without giggling. He has me say these melodramatic lines that would have been cut out from a scene of *Charlie's Angels*, they're that bad. But he wants me to say them with absolute seriousness.

My husband's usually sitting in the same room, laughing his ass off as I'm saying [in an overstated, Southern-belle style]: "Ah'm imprisoned by mah bra and panties! They're too silky! They're seducin' me! Now Ah know what it is to be a REAL woman!" I ham it up like hell, and the caller's getting off on it.

The other night, I had a guy who must have been eighty years old if he was a day. He was supremely deaf. And I'm trying to get the message across through the phone to this man. I'm going, "NOT SUCK! I SAID FUCK! FUCK! YEAH, FUCK!"

Yeah, the neighbors know what I do, and they kid me about it too. The thing is I used to be the noisiest person in bed, and now I'm silent because I don't want to feel that I'm back at work.

There's a lot of guys out there who want to be dominated, and that's fun—especially if they call when I'm in a bad mood anyway. I get paid to tell the customer he's a worthless, pathetic, sniveling, miserable excuse for a human being and ought to go kill himself and do the world a favor. Getting paid for cursing out the customer! Only in America!

It's the weirdest job. My hours are up to me, as is the fact that I work from home, which is great. I don't have to get dressed to go to work. I don't have to get out of bed to go to work. I'm the laziest person on the face of God's earth, so it's perfect for me.

I work a pretty regular shift. I get up in the morning and I go on call and I get off whenever I feel like going to bed. I sort of work through the day without really worrying about it, you know. I intermittently work on my novel or clean house or cook or something or fart around and watch TV.

Unfortunately, because I call these men collect, they get my number on their phone bill and a lot of them think it's okay to call Bunny any old time. So three o'clock in the morning, my phone rings and some guy goes, "Wanna suck my dick?" And I say, "Only if you cut it off first."

Usually I hang up on them before they get a chance to react, and if they call back, I'll let my husband answer the phone. Sometimes they'll even come on to him, which I think is really wild.

I get calls from jealous wives sometimes. They find the number on the bill and they're dying to know who the hell called them collect. They'll call me and go, "Excuse me, but I want to know why this number appeared on my bill."

I say, "It's phone sex, honey," and hang up. I figure, I'll let him deal with it. Or I'll

say it's phone sex, and she'll say, "Reeally?" And then she'll say, "I'm gonna kill him!"

What's real funny is that sometimes I'll call and the wrong person will answer the phone. It's the right number, but the wrong person answers the phone. I'll get [tiny voice] "Hewwo?" Then you hear someone shout, "Let Daddy answer the phone!"

Once I got this really old man on the phone going [old shaky voice], "Hello? Hello?" And the operator is saying, "Will you accept a collect call from Bunny?" And a young-sounding man is shouting, "That's all right, Grandpa, I've got it!" And I think, thank God I don't have to talk to that old guy and scream.

We don't usually make calls to pay phones. We never do, in fact, although

To some guys, doing it in a pile of dog mess with their grandma isn't kinky enough.

occasionally I've found out from the operator that it was a pay phone because she couldn't put through a collect call. I mean, this guy's gonna try to do this in a phone booth?

Of course, in a service occupation like this you get the attitude: I bought and paid for you, so I own you now. You've gotta put up with any shit I give because I paid for it. Well, I say, the hell I do.

I don't do it often, because I pride myself on being able to handle all kinds of weirdos, but sometimes they're just too weird. Some of these guys are into heavy rape fantasies or kid fantasies and I just won't deal with that. And sometimes you get guys into something like shit. I had a guy once who wanted to talk about shit and only shit, and I thought, can I take a whole twenty minutes of this? So finally I said—after having gone along with his weirdness for a while—"Sometimes I don't actually crap turds. I crap life-sized electric-blue hippopotami that jump out of the toilet and dance around the room!" That pissed him off and he hung up.

Have I learned anything from this job?

If every man who ever put on woman's panties for a cheap thrill and wondered if he was weird for doing this were to turn blue overnight, I would say a good 80 per-

cent of the male population would be blue in the morning.

I'd also like to add that no matter what it is, no matter where it is, no matter how unrelated to sex it may seem to you, there's somebody out there who gets a sexual thrill from it. There's one guy who calls the service to have somebody sing the theme from *Green Acres* to him, over and over again. I've never been able to figure out what the kick is there. Maybe he's got a thing for Eva Gabor. I don't know.

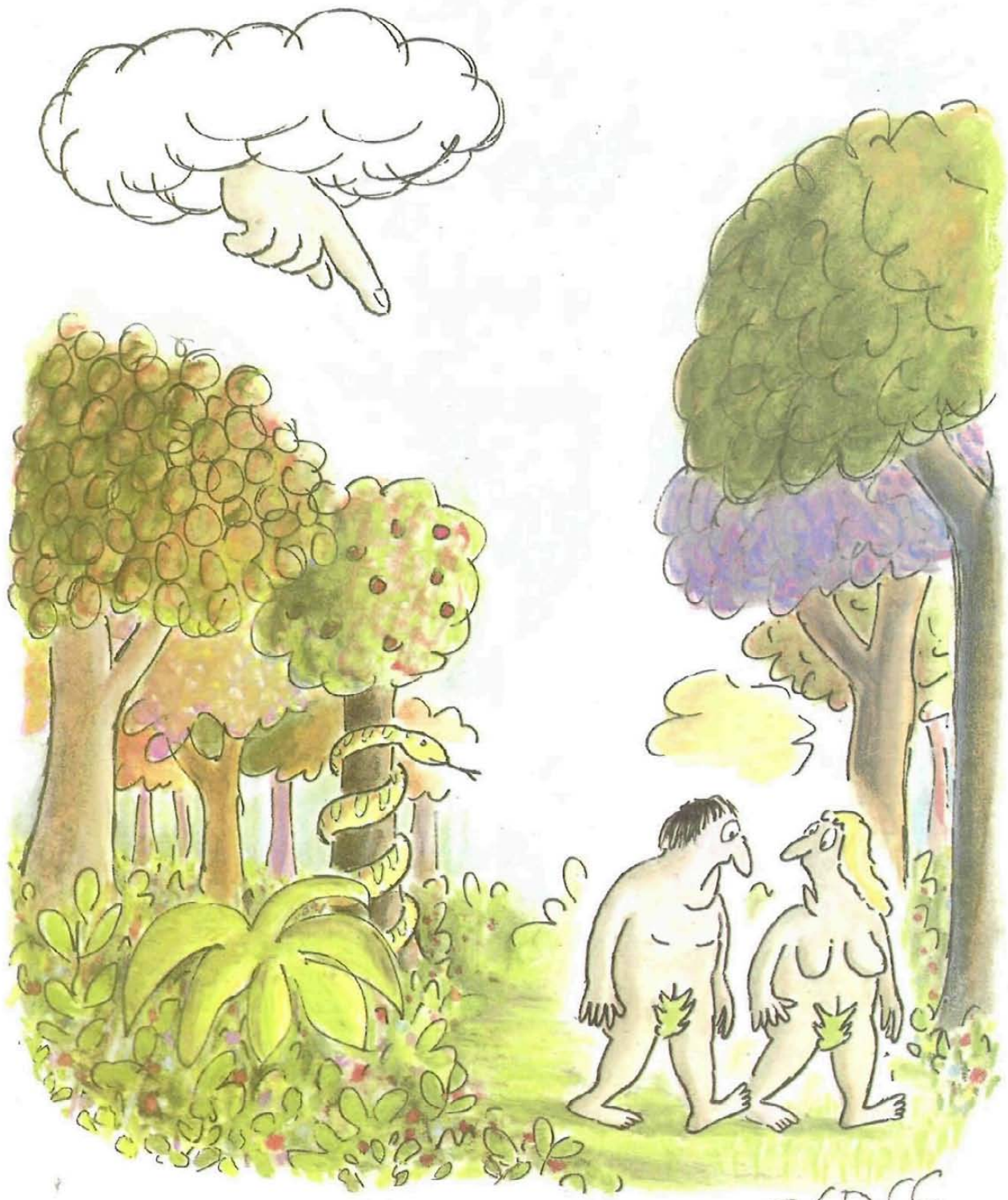
JUST A PHONE CALL AWAY

Not all calls cost money like phone sex. Here, for example, are some handy numbers from the AT&T Toll-Free 800 Directory you can call absolutely free:

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Back Pain Magazine (800) 332-2257
Beer Drinkers of America (800) 441-2337
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Buckeye Donkey Ball Co. (800) 848-3944
Busybody Inc. (800) 762-2639
Critic-Stuffed Animal Gram (800) 367-2484
Critters of the Cinema (800) 233-3647
Dentures in a Day (800) 332-2329
Fishy Business (800) 24-FISHY
Jesus Behind Bars Inc. (800) 327-0054
Lawyers Inc. (800) 545-2993
Mr. Band (800) 344-1691
Mr. Helmet (800) 533-1218
Mr. Mustang (800) 543-9195
Mr. Pepperoni (800) 325-2874
Mr. Pulltabs (800) 544-7643
Mr. Satellite (800) 445-6037
Mr. Service (800) 642-3729
Mr. Taxi (800) 842-8294
Mr. Tool (800) 458-8464
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Pollyanna Doll Bed Factory (800) 451-0896
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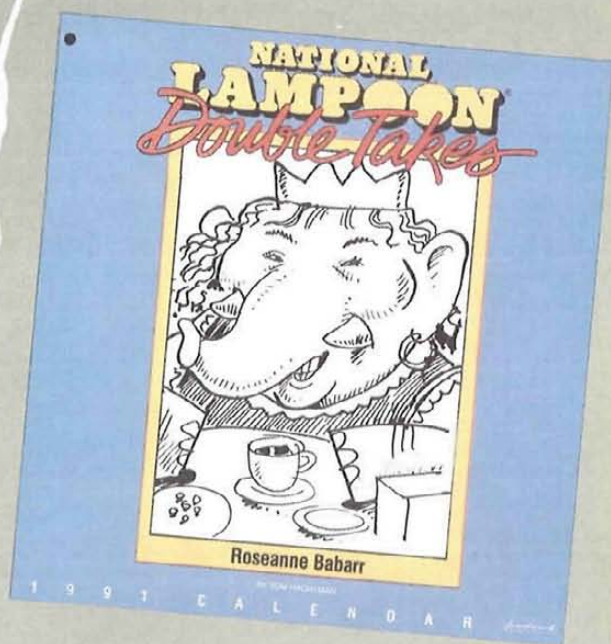
S. GROSS

"More bad news. There's a caterpillar in my vagina."

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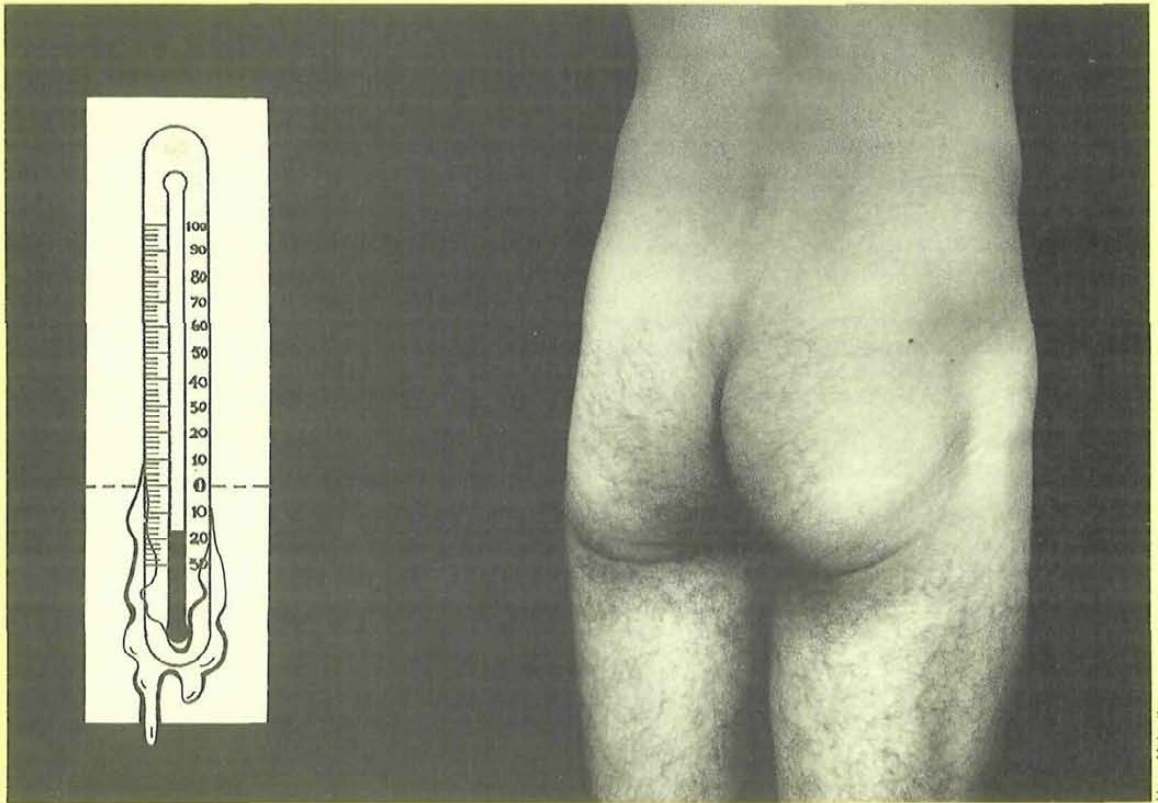
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YELLOW JOURNAL

Marginalized, But Not Defeated

Ass Freezes at -17 Degrees, Study Says



Scientists reveal: it's not just a figure of speech.

After ten years of research, Dr. Harold Peterman, a physiologist at Columbia University, has concluded that the nerve and muscle tissues in the human posterior begin to deteriorate when the mercury dips to -17 degrees Celsius.

"We experimented with temperatures ranging from $+20$ to -70 degrees Celsius, and at -17 the process of nerve crystallization begins," reported Peterman in a paper published in the September issue of *Science Guy* magazine.

Dr. Peterman and his colleagues conducted thousands of tests on rats, guinea pigs, monkeys, and human volunteers.

"Penguins can freeze their asses off, too," Peterman said during a recent phone interview. "But because they are cold-weather birds, this occurs at a far lower temperature. We haven't found out exactly what that temperature is," the scientist admitted, "but the research is continuing."

D.K.

Harry Heleotis

Vice President Announces Plans to Be the First American on Mars

Dogged by allegations of incompetence and a popular perception of him as being without substance, Vice President Dan Quayle made a bold step to dispel those charges once and for all by announcing that he will be the first American on Mars, and will land in a spacecraft he built himself. "In space," exclaimed the vice president, "no one can hear you laugh."

In a speech before a rapt group of fifth-graders at St. Albans School in Washington, D.C., the vice president boisterously voiced his support for President Bush's plan to put Americans on Mars within fifty years of the first Apollo lunar landing, but went off script as he concluded: "Dudes, we're gonna be up there way sooner than that—my own interplanetary craft, the *Space Cowboy*, is probably gonna be ready by the end of next month. Oh, man, it's gonna be so great—I just gotta wait for these guys to finish recarpeting our house so I can get some scraps and junk."

Quayle said he began work almost immediately after Bush announced his Mars plan last May. "I woulda been done a lot sooner, but I forgot we don't get summers off. Mostly I worked at night and stuff and just picked up the, whatever, building materials from wherever. Like, I got a doorknob and some two-by-fours from these housing projects the government's building. And like, for the control panel—it's so cool—I called up the Pentagon and did



Dan Quayle: *Uranus could be next.*

one of these numbers [he covers his mouth and speaks in a nasal "French" accent]: 'Scoozay moi, misseur, but je am Francis Mitterrand de la Français. Vous savvy? Givez moi un control panel, seal voo play. And send it to la vice presidento of your country.' Oh, man, it was so great—they never even suspected. I got about five boxes of lights and switches and junk and a car battery to make 'em work."

When asked where he had picked up the scientific expertise to build his own craft, Quayle said, "Me and Chick Dillman and Buddy Keeler, these kids on my block, we sorta taught ourselves. This one's the best one I ever did, though. I got, like, a tape player in it and a cooler for pop and sandwiches and stuff and an escape hatch in the cockpit with a rope ladder you can put out on the

side in case you gotta get out real fast."

Quayle also expressed interest in conducting a variety of scientific experiments on the Martian surface, most of them involving hitting golf balls with different golf clubs. "I'm not at liberty to tell you everything, but suffice it to say that I'd like to test all my clubs on Mars. You know, like, is it better or worse for my game. Like, if I could take a couple strokes off my game, God, that would totally make it worthwhile. Plus I think it'd be real neat to try out a couple ninja moves in a reduced-gravity situation."

How the *Space Cowboy* will actually get to Mars remains to be seen. According to NASA, even the most powerful known rockets would take several months to reach Mars, but Quayle said he planned to be away "overnight, at the longest."

According to Quayle, a blastoff date will be set within the next few weeks, and will be adhered to rain or shine. "That's the beauty of the *Space Cowboy*, man—I put shingles on the top!"

In a related development, the Hubble Space Telescope, an orbiting telescope more powerful than any on earth, sent back the first pictures of the face of God. He was shaving, said scientists monitoring the telescope's transmissions, "but he seemed pleasant enough. Not unlike Abe Vigoda, in fact: sort of an older guy, but perfectly nice-looking."

S.J.

Dentist from Outer Space

Family members and friends of fifty-six-year-old Juniper Alwell were relieved to learn that her mysterious three-day disappearance was *not* the result of another wild bender but that she had been abducted by an extraterrestrial endodontist and subjected to root canal work.

At first, Mrs. Alwell was unable to recall any of the specifics of her bizarre odyssey, but a "truth serum" interview conducted at Missoula General Hospital helped uncover the details of her harrowing experience.

The housewife's nightmare began when, en route to a bake sale in the

neighboring town of Big Butt, she mysteriously developed dental pain in one of her two remaining teeth. As if "captured by an invisible force," she suddenly found herself being sucked into the belly of a cigar-shaped UFO, where, as she tells it, "this snooty little alien bitch tells me that 'the doctor's running a little late,' and that I have to fill out this long questionnaire about my medical history."

Mrs. Alwell's memory of what followed is a bit sketchy. "I recall he wedged these cardboard squares between my teeth and made *me* hold them there while he took X-rays. Then after-

ward, even though I told him I had no interest, he made me look at my own X-rays!" Mrs. Alwell was informed that her decay did indeed extend below the gum line, but that root canal therapy could save the tooth. "I told him to pull the damn thing," she remembers, "but he said that on his planet, extractions were not performed."

The root canal was completed, but according to Mrs. Alwell, the biggest pain was yet to come when she was billed four hundred dollars and told that her Earth insurance wouldn't cover it. "There went the bedroom set I was saving for," she lamented.

D.F.

Dweeby Auteur Paves the Way

Taking their cue from director David Lynch, whose post-modern meta-narrative, *Twin Peaks*, hawks Mctamucil and Nikes to the David Byrne set, more and more filmmakers are adapting their seventy-millimeter talent to the small screen.

Brian De Palma has signed with CBS to direct thirty-two episodes of *The New Price Is Right*, while ABC has announced that Bernardo Bertolucci and Akira Kurosawa will direct alternate episodes of that show with the Mongoloid kid.

At NBC, the controversial director of *The Last Temptation of Christ*, Martin Scorsese, will direct five *Donahue* shows. The network also has an agreement with Sidney Lumet to direct the situation comedy *Amen*, starring Sherman Hemsley.

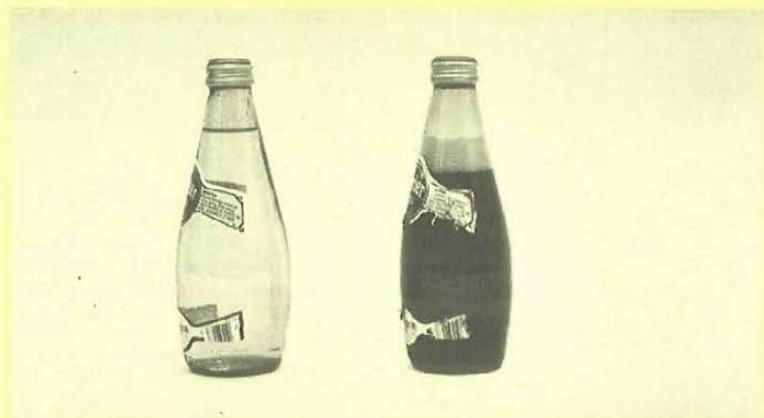
D.H.
N.W.



AP/Wide World

David Lynch: crossover dreamer.

Perrier Encore



Harry Helectis

Perrier drinkers now have a choice: Perrier and Perrier Classic.

Several months after the return of Perrier water to store shelves around the world, sales are still seriously below their once-spectacular levels.

"It just doesn't have the same old kick," lamented James Lupot of Tenafly, New Jersey. Mr. Lupot and his wife are typical of many formerly devoted Perrier drinkers. "It broke my heart not having a case of Perrier to open when we celebrated Jason," he said, referring to the recent arrival of his new son (who was born seriously deformed). "Still," he admits, "it wasn't much of a party, anyway."

In response, Perrier is taking a cue from another well-known beverage

giant and will shortly unveil a two-pronged marketing strategy featuring Perrier and Perrier Classic.

Perrier Classic, which contains a secret ingredient the French bottler won't discuss, will be nationally test-marketed this winter in hardware stores and art-supply houses, where it will double as paint thinner.

If all goes well, the new Perrier Classic should be available to the general public by the beginning of next year. The Food and Drug Administration projects a corresponding surge in blood poisoning and infant mortality rates shortly thereafter.

M.F.

The Lord Is One, Are You One, Too?

Research scientists at Johns Hopkins University have determined that the hearts and kidneys of all persons born from 1957 through 1965 are defective and should be returned immediately.

E.R.

Starring Dustin Hoffman

Hoping to reprise the success of his 1988 mega-hit, *Rain Man*, Dustin Hoffman announced that he will soon begin filming *Stain Man* for Columbia Pictures. *Stain Man* is the story of Louis Kropf, an institutionalized mental defective whose unique gift—the ability to instantly identify any type of carpet stain and recommend the most efficacious way of removing it—brings him into direct conflict with his half-brother Allie, an ambitious young broadloom salesman on the way up.

Said Hoffman, "I am making this film for all the Stain Men out there and their families. I only hope they appreciate it."

T.O.

Contributors:

Matthew Fenton
David Feuer
Les Firestein

Dave Hanson
Sam Johnson
David Kubicek

Todd Oliver
Evan Ricard
Ned Ward

The Hollywood CONFABULATOR

The Hollywood Confabulator Poll:

This month, **The Hollywood Confabulator** asked a host of Tinseltown celebrities the following question:

"How many bad movies can a Hollywood star or director make in succession before his or her career may officially be pronounced dead?"

Patrick Swayze, star of "Next of Kin" and "Road House": "Three."

Susan Seidelman, director of "Cookie," "Making Mr. Right," and "She-Devil": "Four."

Christopher Reeve, star of "The Bostonians," "Deathtrap," "Somewhere in Time," "Street Smart," "Superman IV," and "Switching Channels": "Seven."

Dudley Moore, star of "Arthur

2." "Best Defense," "Like Father, Like Son," "Lovesick," "Micki & Maude," "Santa Claus: The Movie," and "Wholly Moses": "Eight."

Burt Reynolds, star of "Best Friends," "The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas," "The Cannonball Run," "City Heat," "Malone," "The Man Who Loved Women," "Paternity," "Physical Evidence," "Rent-a-Cop," "Rough Cut," "Smokey and the Bandit II," "Starting Over," "Stick," "Stroker Acc.," "Switching Channels," and "White Lightning": "Apparently, as many as I please. Why? Do you have a project? Are you a producer? Do you have my home number?"

IN PRODUCTION:

■ **National Lampoon's Reunion Vacation** Dir., Amy Heckerling. DDL Prods. "The laughs begin at Nuremberg and don't end till Auschwitz. Scatterbrained Chevy Chase thinks 'concentration camp' is where you go to avoid distractions!" With Rutger Hauer.

■ **Conan the Kennedy** Dir., John Milius. Twentieth Century Fox. "Here's one Kennedy who won't be assassinated! When a Nazi genetic experiment becomes CEO of the White House—watch out!" With Kurt Waldheim.

■ **Bazooka Joe—The Movie** Dir., Tim Burton. Warner Bros. "Hollywood scrapes the bottom of the barrel for yet another cartoon character to bring to life." Starring Michael Keaton, Apollonia, Haing S. Ngor.



Conan's new sidekick.

■ **Untitled** (Oliver Stone's third installment of his Vietnam trilogy.) Orion. "The story of an innocent youth born well after the Vietnam War who nevertheless is traumatized when he views a shocking film about the war. Movie deals with themes of hereditary guilt." Starring Tom Berenger as the brusque box-office attendant, Willem Dafoe as the concession-stand worker.

IN TURNAROUND:

Admitted to Detox:

Carrie Fisher
Drew Barrymore
Sam Kinison
Barry Manilow
Doogie Howser
The Mongoloid kid from that TV series

Bulimic:

Jamie Lee Curtis
LaToya Jackson
Jane Fonda

Discharged from Detox:

Richard Pryor
Jon Cryer
Robert Downey, Jr.
Anthony Michael Hall
Corey Haim
Corey Feldman
Tipper Gore

Anorexic:

Mary Tyler Moore
Michael Jackson
Robin Givens

From the Newswire:



"Cinderzilla."

- Japanese entrepreneurs have announced plans to overhaul the Columbia Pictures film library so that certain movies can reach a wider audience back home. The new computerized process, called "Godzillarization," was co-developed with media mogul Ted Turner and calls for the superimposition of giant prehistoric radiation monsters over existing developed film stock. Reissued titles will include "Kramer vs. Mothra," "Cinderzilla," and "Gaus vs. the Volcano."
- The newly merged Comedy Channel and MTV's Ha! Network have announced that they dismissed their entire writing and performing staff and filled the vacancies with monkeys typing and performing randomly. Audience share instantly skyrocketed 200 percent. Ha! also announced production deals with both Wil Shriner and Whoopi Goldberg.
- I. B. Singer has been signed to do the screenplay for "Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles II" for a reported record advance.
- The NBC Entertainment Group has filed suit against A. C. Nielsen Company, alleging that many low-rated NBC broadcasts are victims of inaccurate samplings of audience share. NBC cited prisoners, dogs, people watching TV at the beach, and coma patients in hospitals as just four examples of groups not addressed

Scandal Erupts over Prints of 'Look Who's Talking'

Federal agents seized all existing prints of the John Travolta hit film "Look Who's Talking," alleging that it was subliminal "flash frames," rather than the charms of Mr. Travolta and Bruce Willis, that brought the mediocre picture more than \$150 million in boffo box office.

Not since prints of "The Exorcist" were impounded has so much controversy swirled around the covert and illegal insertion of single-frame subconscious commands, as revealed in the bestselling book "Subliminal Seduction."

Specifically, FBI agents cited one flash frame that commanded, "Come back to this theater tomorrow and bring your spouse—or we will show you photographs of your parents on the evening of your conception."

Another frame asserted, "Buy the soundtrack album—or we'll tell your wife about the 'Hustler' magazines you keep hidden in the boiler room."

The government is also seeking the return of approximately \$149 million in illegal profits earned by "Look Who's Talking," since, according to at least one prominent critic, "all things being equal, that flick should have made five cents."

The film's producers have been unavailable for comment. "Look Who Else Is Talking" is set to go before the cameras this winter.

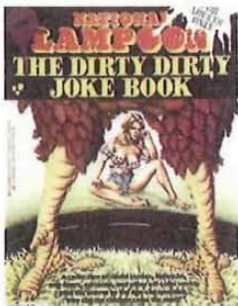
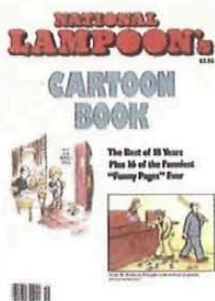
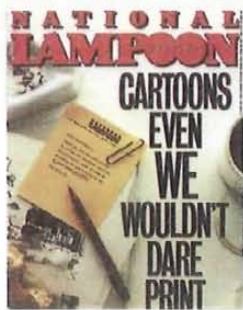
by normal Nielsen data-gathering services.

• Archivists at the American Film Institute in Los Angeles announced that, with the release of the Bruce Willis film "In Country," there are now more hours of the Vietnam War on film than there were actual hours of fighting in that war.

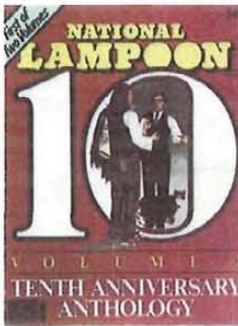
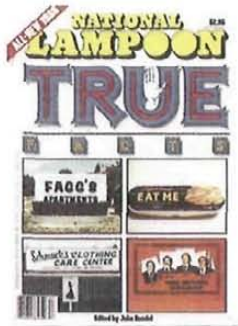
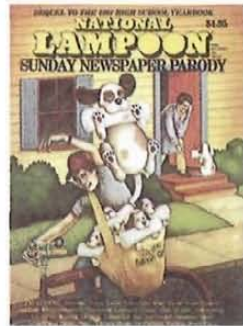
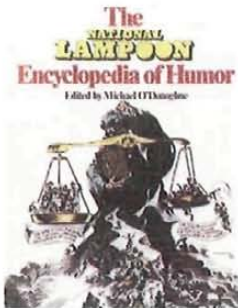
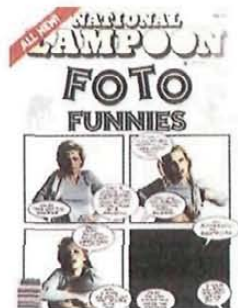
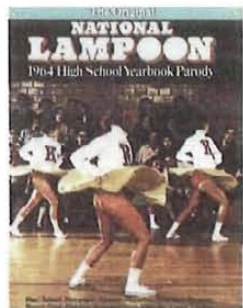
A Very Partial Listing of Stars Yet to Appear in a Vietnam-War Movie:

Tim Kazurinsky, Ralph Macchio, Marcello Mastroianni, Farrah Fawcett, Jennifer Grey, Drew Barrymore, Cher, Ally Sheedy, Dudley Moore, Diane Keaton, Woody Allen, William Hurt, Mariette Hartley, Bo Derek, Abbott and Costello, Mel Brooks, Tim Conway, Buddy Hackett, Prince, Corey Haim, Corey Feldman, Justine Bateman, Brigitte Nielsen, Jerry Lewis, Eddie Murphy, Arsenio Hall, Joe Piscopo, Tony Randall, Harold Ramis, ALF, the Muppets, Cesar Romero, Ringo Starr, Roseanne Barr.

L.F.



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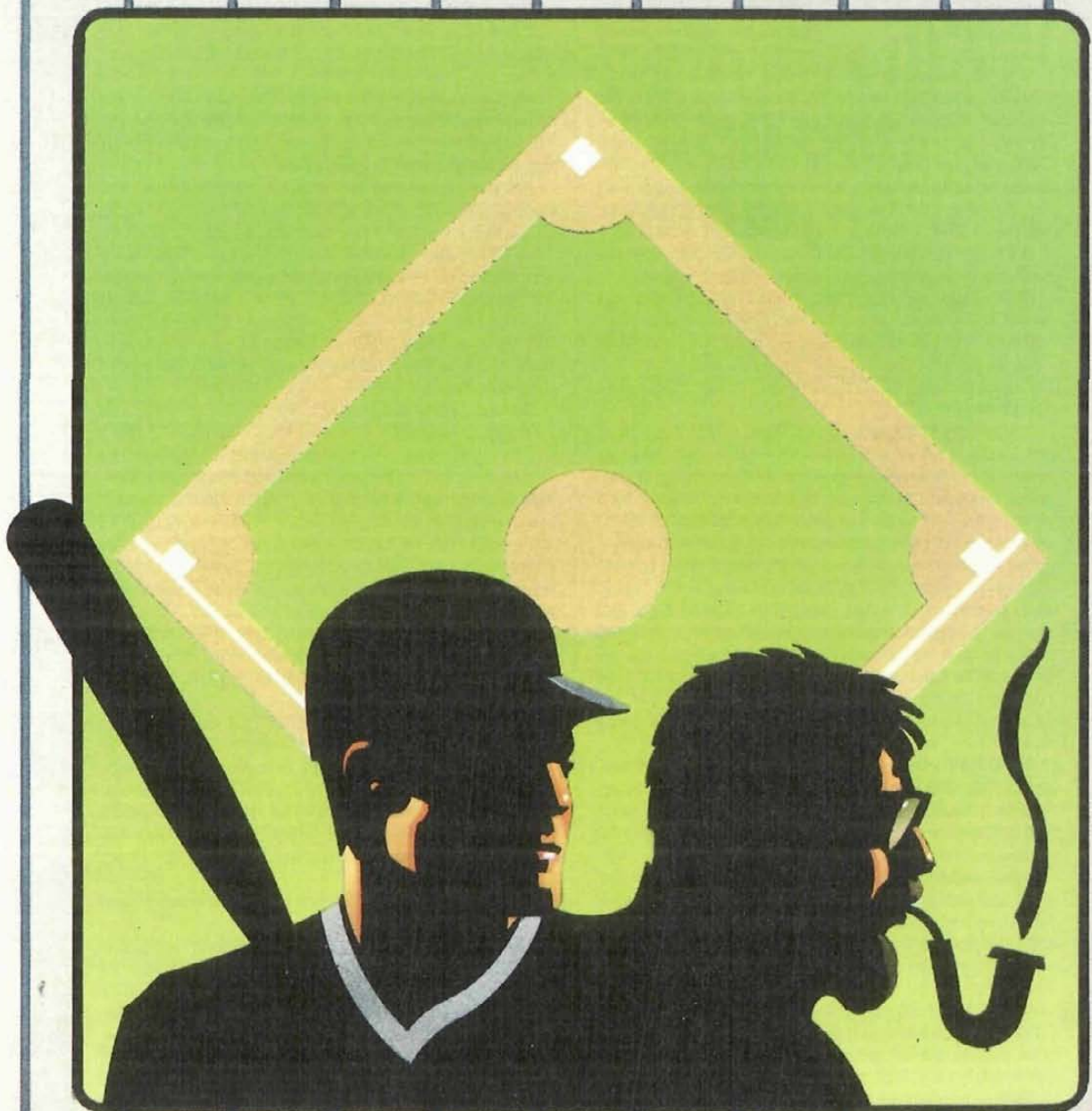
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1-800-342-AIDS. For the hearing impaired, 1-800-AIDS-TTY.

AMERICA
RESPONDS
TO AIDS

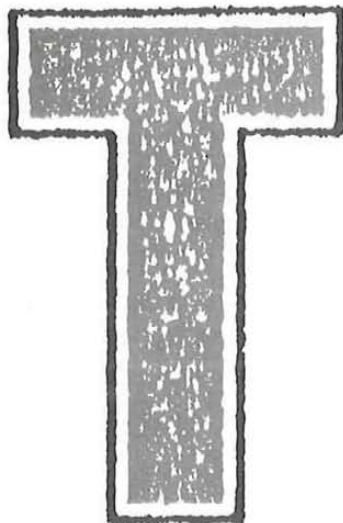
DOUBLE HEADER



by Hart Seely

Illustrated by John Hull

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hey came through our general manager, Tippi Sherbit, a goddamn little Tinker Bell type, a walkin' swizzle stick with a face that looks like it absorbed a measles epidemic. His daddy owns the ball club. Cheap sonuvabitch. Puts up a sign in left that says "HIT A BALL THROUGH THE HOLE AND WIN A CAR," and you couldn't fuck the sign, much less stuff a ball through it. That type.

Tippi's what you call a fashion statement: Day-Glo shirts, leather pants, fairy ties, always gussied up like Sally Rand, smells like a weekend in Paris.

Always carpin'. Claims he ain't makin' jack shit off the ball club. Blames me. I just say, fuck, goddamn Whitey Herzog couldn't win if all he got's a bunch o' snot-nosed Puerto Ricans in headphones who sneak into the clubhouse between innings to eat fried plantains, and it ain't my fault if you can squeeze all the ball fans in Binghamton into a Chevy Nova without tootin' the horn, and it don't help when you got a cupcake of a GM who sports a fuckinay boner each time he walks in the clubhouse.

Well, Tippi gets salty about that. He's flappin' his wrists and grousing about sexual lib'ration and nuclear war and—fuck, I ain't listenin'—but all the sudden his eyes get googily.

"Just a minute, Mr. Stompkowski," he says. "I've got a fantabulous idea!"

"Not in my clubhouse," I say. "Out! OUT! I'm sick o' you starin' at my pitchers like stud meat in a psycho magazine! All I want from you is a mile between us, downwind! You ain't out in two minutes, I'm havin' Cloyd restrin' his mitt with your pants. You hear me? OUT!"

Well, he swishes out and don't come back until mid-June. By then, we're three games under .500, a mere nine off the pace, and I'm feelin' prime about it, 'cause half our club's kids're too young to need jockstraps, and the rest're beered-up bums who swore ten years ago—on the way up—they'd never see Ol' Stumper again. So here comes Tippi, prancin' into the clubhouse in hot pants, elevator heels, and a muscle shirt pink as a urinal cake, and he says, "Listen up, people, I have fantabulous news!"

Well, I gotta listen up, 'cause his daddy signs my paycheck. But all while Tippi's yappin', my shortstop, Pepe, is goin', "Hablar-hablar-hablar," and you can't hear nothin', until I finally get it that Tippi's got a player he wants me to sign.

I got nothin' against playin' homers. They boost the gate, and even if he's a total stiff, you pinch run him now and then and the locals pee their pants. But Tippi's talkin' up some bum from Nebraska, and no way we should be playin' him here if he can't even be a homer back home.

"Look here, Tippi," I says, bein' diplomatic-like. "This ball club ain't no meat line, and if you can't jolly your pals in the hot tub, don't bring 'em here. Nothin' personal, but we don't need the disease."

Well, he don't take to that. "You look here, Mr. Bush League! Maybe that metal plate in your forehead is doing

all your thinking, because this franchise is dying. Have you even looked at the empty seats lately? If you opened your eyes once in the first six innings, you might notice.

"You know, *Stumper*," he hisses like a steampipe, "you really shouldn't suck on slippery elm during your daily nap. Or at least try propping up your chin on a coffee can, because the drool down your neck is, to put it charitably, obscene."

"So's yer mom."

"OH YEAH? WELL, LISTEN UP, MR. BASEBALL! If you're not here tomorrow at seven A.M. to meet Al Hickson, Daddy will personally demand your dismissal. Am I clear?"

It ain't his words that get me. It's *The Hairy Eyeball*. That's what a pitcher gives you when his next pitch is in your ear. *The Fuckinay Hairy Eyeball*. When I see it, that plate in my head starts yellin', "Bail out, Stump! Bail out!" Long time ago, I didn't bail out. And I paid.

"So's yer mom," I say anyways.

Tippi altogether snaps, starts blubberin' about acid rain and porpoises trapped by tuna boats. Fuckinay ugly scene.

Next mornin', here he comes: kangaroo-skin pants, red satin shirt, and earrings shaped like an eagle about to kill something. "Listen up, people," he's shoutin'. "Our newest Binghamton Triplet is here!"

All you hear is two sets o' cleats cloppin' down the runway. Then the shadow, wide as a Winnebago. Them Hickson boys gotta swivel their hips to enter. Fuckinay. They're big enough to kill birds by thinkin' about them. The bigger one wears sweatpants and a John Cougar Mellencamp T-shirt. He's built like a hard-on, clean-shaven, with a crew cut and shoulders wide as Sally Rand's knees. The little one's dressed in a baggy suit. He's got the same haircut as Moe and a beard like one of the Smith Brothers.

Stuck together like snails.

Yeahp. Siamesers.

The big Hickson, Al, smiles and spits a goober in the slop bucket, and the bearded weirdo just sucks on a Sherlock Holmes pipe. Pepe's goin', "Habba-habba-habba," and that plate in my noggin's yellin', "Bail out, Stump!" I start yellin' that no matter how bad we are, we ain't the county fair, Tippi's nose starts bleedin', and all I remember is the little guy, Sally, just standin' there smokin' and actin' like *he's* at the freak show watchin' *us*!

Well, I finally tell Zeke Mastrelli—only guy on the staff who can snap a curve without howlin' in pain—to warm up. Al grabs a bat and digs in at the plate, and Sally bends over, stretchin' the kidney far as it goes, and puts on a motorcycle helmet so he won't get mashed on the backswing, still suckin' his goddamn pipe.

Mastrelli ain't a pleasant type to begin with, and when he sees what's cookin', he gets spiteful and lobs the ball underhand. Al spits as it goes by. Mastrelli lobs another. Al and Sally stride together—and WHOMP, the ball disappears out left field, past the highway, over the Dairy Queen, fuckinay gone.

"Pitch the ball," little Sally shouts. "You worm-armed slab of pork gristle!"

Mastrelli starts snortin', and the next pitch rides chin-high and hard, like he's throwin' to the Russians. Al doesn't flinch. It whistles past his nose. Now everybody's givin' hairy eyeballs. Next pitch: WHOMP, a rope to the center-field wall, 433 feet, never higher than my chaw, which I swallow. Mastrelli grabs another ball: WHOMP, onto the highway. WHOMP, over the candle factory. Al steps out with a horny grin and lifts a foot, and Sal scrapes the clay from his cleats with a Bic pen.

"Is this a pitcher?" Sal shouts. "Or the result of breeding between man and maggot?"

I see the look on Mastrelli and sneak down to the clubhouse for a shot o' courage. I'm leanin' over the slop bucket, waitin' for the ambulance, but it sounds like Harmon Killebrew up there. WHOMP, WHOMP, WHOMP. By the time I'm outside, Mastrelli ain't throwin' because there *ain't no fuckinay balls left*. Four cars have stopped on Route 17 with busted windshields, Tippi's beamin' like he just stole home, Al Hickson is flexin' his muscles, and little Sally's readin' from a book, smokin' like a tugboat.

I haul everybody downstairs and tell Al to shower up, 'cause he's my designated hitter, and he says don't I want to see him field? And I say I don't care if he catches the ball with his fanny and farts it in, he's my DH. He jumps in the shower with Sally standin' off to the side, dry as a rosin bag, and I drink more courage—in fact, give half the flask to Tippi—who tells me all about the rain forest. Fuckinay.

Well, Scranton's pitchin' a brick shit-house big as King Kong and twice as hairy, so I tell umpire Rosco that we oughta be allowed at least one freak too! But Scranton's manager, Otto Speilman, starts bitchin' that the Hicksons oughta be considered two men in our lineup.

"Speilman," I say. "What the fuck. We're just boostin' the gate with a lousy Siameser. How would you like to go through life with your brother hangin' out o' you like a warm turd? It's gotta be hell, and you sure ain't helpin'."

"Okay," he says. "The boy can play—for now. But tell the bearded asshole to can the smokin'. Kids are watchin'."

Well, Binghamton's never seen nothin' like Al and Sally. There's Ice Capades, the county fair, and now and then Tony Bennett at the Ramada, but this is prime. The crowd don't even wait for the anthem to end before they're chantin', "HICK-SON, HICK-SON." King Kong is so pissed he strikes out our side in the first—nine fastballs—so everybody's gotta wait till the bottom of the second for Al to bat.

Kong figures if Al just fouls one off, his reputation is shot, so he rears back and fires. WHOMP.

Outer space.

Had the ball been hit lower, it mighta *tore a hole* through that free-car sign in left.

"ILLEGAL," Speilman's screamin'. "He had two feet out of the batter's box. ILLEGAL. CALL HIM OUT, ROSCO."

"TOUCH 'EM ALL," I shout. "BOTH O' YOU!"

Speilman's rhubarbin'. The crowd's chantin'. Pepe's jabberin'. Mastrelli's howlin' like a coyote—he don't look so rag-armed anymore. But I'm cool—the ol' Stompkowski nonchalance.

"Al started the game," I say. "Let 'im finish."

"You wanna protest this game, Speilman, go ahead," Rosco says, sweatin' clams. "I ain't goin' down in history as the first white man lynched in Binghamton. Play ball."

Final score's 15-3, with Al Hickson smackin' two

That **plate in my noggin's yellin', "Bail out, Stump!"**



homers and two doubles, plus makin' a snappy catch on a liner to right—I play him there in the ninth—while Sally climbs the wall.

The crowd goes nuts, rips down a goalpost on the football field nearby, and ties up downtown traffic for three hours. The sportswriters are barfin' questions, and I'm gearin' up for a shoutin' match with the commissioner—when I see Tippi smilin' like Sally Rand, and it hits me that *his uncle's the commissioner*, and Speilman's protest ain't got a flea's chance in a fishbowl. I even lean over and *kiss* Tippi's cheek. Pttuui. Tastes like strawberry. Don't know what got into me.

Al Hickson tears up the league. For four weeks it's so crowded that we turn away decent folk. The papers from Syracuse come. Then Buffalo. Then New York City. Then Tokyo. Everywhere it's "Al this, Al that." They write how Al and Sally grew up in Omaha, how their daddy was a shortstop and ma taught poetry, how Al loves ball and Sally makes wine. Open season on bullshit. The crowds keep comin', and Al's on fire.

By August, he's hit eighteen taters and battin' .385. WHOMP, we're tied with Scranton. And WHOMP, we're a game up, and WHOMP, WHOMP, WHOMP—we're chargin' for a pennant.

I gotta say how the club took to Al. Pepe calls 'im "Dos Grandes," borrows Al's Norelco for his first-ever shave. Even Mastrelli gets chummy. What's not to like? Al's your milk-guzzlin' farm boy who sits in the clubhouse, talkin' up Omaha. Runs out grounders. Backs up first. Flushes the toilet. Gem of a guy.

“**B**all
ain't dung.
Ball is
history,
boy.”



But little Sally, well, he's a raggy booger who don't give a rat's ass about ball. All that matters are his books. On bus trips, he sits there smokin' and readin' and scribblin' notes, and it gets to you. Here's this grubby beatnik, starin' at you like you just drank gasoline, and then he writes somethin'—about *you*, you figure.

Seems Sally's high on this dead German poet, Rilke. Rendel Rilke, I think. He rattles off what Rilke said about this, what Rilke thinks about that, and if you try to talk ball with Sally, he cusses you out with words harder to figure than Pepe's.

“Baseball is a diversion,” he once tells us. “I need more.”

“Yeah?” Mastrelli says. “Well, we don't like you neither, ya little shitass runtfuck.”

“Now look here,” I say. “This club don't allow feudin'. Gotta keep our mind on ball.”

“Ball is dung,” Sally says.

“Ball ain't dung,” I say calmly.

“It's dung.”

“Sally's got brainworm, Skip,” Al says.

“Look, boy, every day folks come to watch ball. Every day they write it up in the papers. Every at-bat's recorded. Ball ain't dung. Ball is history, boy.”

“Ball is dung.”

Well, I grab the little fucker and haul him downstairs to the safe where I keep the game records.

“Boy,” I says. “I got official records here of guys like *Big John Mize* and *Whitey Ford* and *Mickey fuckin' Mantle*. And that ain't dung. Everything that happens today is

goin' into this safe. Folks a hundred years from now'll wanna know what happened.”

He just shakes his head.

“Ball ain't dung, boy,” I repeat. “Bus rides are dung. Off days are dung. Whole goddamn winter's dung. But ball ain't. And just 'cause your brother's makin' it and you're hangin' off him like a bearded wart ain't no cause to rag on ball.”

Well, it just gets worse. When they're out in right field, you never seen a guy so tortured as Sally. They stop talkin', just glare at each other like Hulk Hogan and the Ultimate Warrior. And it shows in Al's bat. He goes four for eighteen, and you can see a slump comin' fast.

I figure it's 'cause Al's womanizin' and Sally ain't even gettin' table scraps. That's gotta be tough on a Siameser. Some guys rank on Binghamton because the women leave town, but the way Al's treated, you'd think it was Buffalo. Each night he's out with a different babe, with Sal taggin' along, readin' his book, actin' like he don't feel nothin'. But he's gotta.

So I try to edge up to Sally, even get him to lend me his book.

Flaky guy, that Rendel Rilke. Read him twice and still don't get it all. But when he's on, he's on. Some words stick in your head like beer jingles:

*Who weeps now anywhere in the world,
without cause weeps in the world,
weeps over me.*

*Who laughs now anywhere in the night,
without cause laughs in the night,
laughs at me.*

*Who dies now anywhere in the world,
without cause dies in the world,
looks at me.*

Anyways, we're in-between a twin bill with Elmira, and Sally refuses to play the second game. “One hell is humanity,” he says. “Two is absurdity.”

“No problem, Sallyboy,” I say. “You and Al take a rest and we'll win the nightcap for your dead pal, Rendel.”

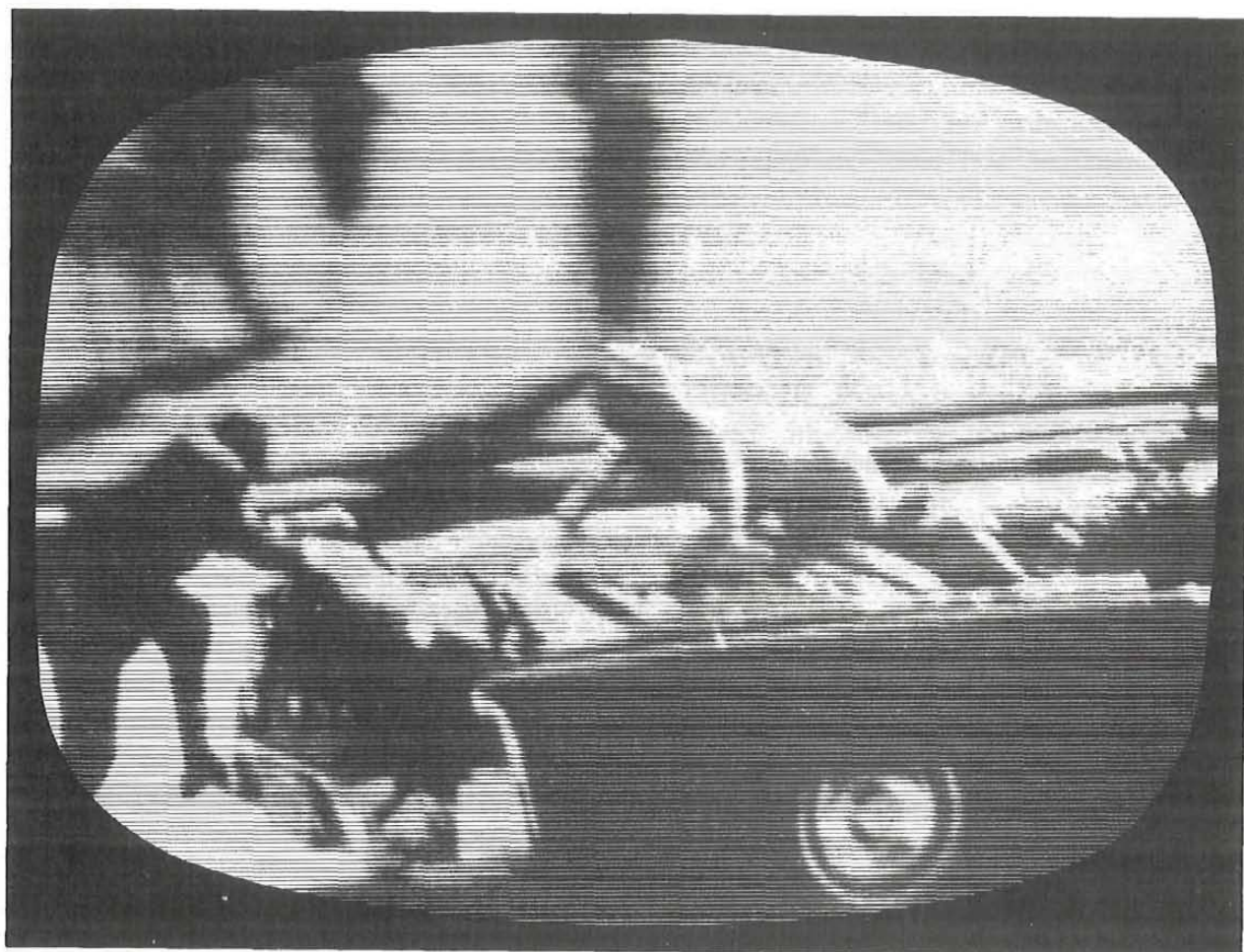
Now Al gets hot, claimin' he came to play ball, and that's that. Next I know, they're shovin' each other—so hard we gotta jump in and separate 'em, impossible as that may seem. Not wantin' to cross Al, I write him in. But up at bat they lean in both directions, like a rookie in a rundown, and when Al swings, all he does is tap it back to the pitcher.

Al goes oh for four with three strikeouts. When it's over, he hauls Sally into the basement, shuts the door, and it sounds like Killebrew down there. WHOMP, WHOMP, WHOMP. I pound on the door, but it's locked, and I finally grab the snakebite and drink until morning and wake up with a jock full of fleas.

Sally's jaw swells to the size of a catcher's mitt. Al goes oh for ten. We drop six straight, Scranton's hot and comin' in for a three-game series. I figure it's time for the Stumper to make peace.

I call a meeting for Friday mornin', and all Thursday night I'm makin' speeches in my head—good stuff too,
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 83)

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But we need your help for us to stay there.
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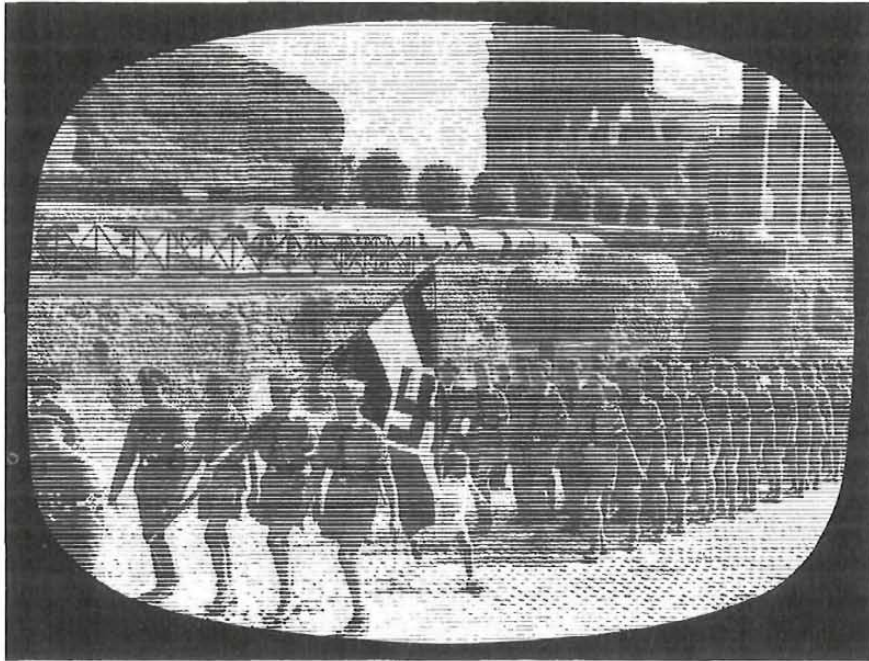
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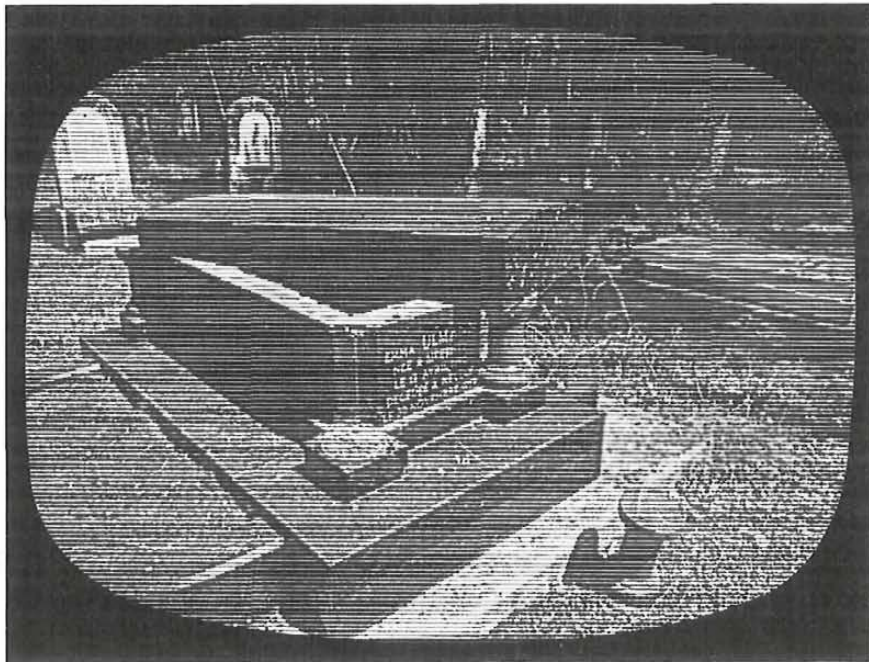
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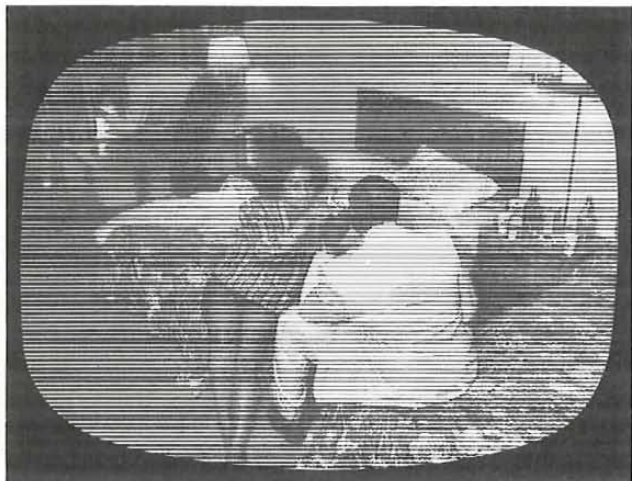
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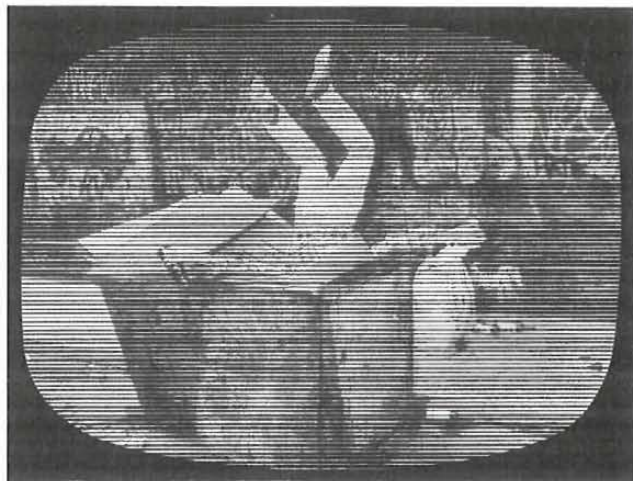
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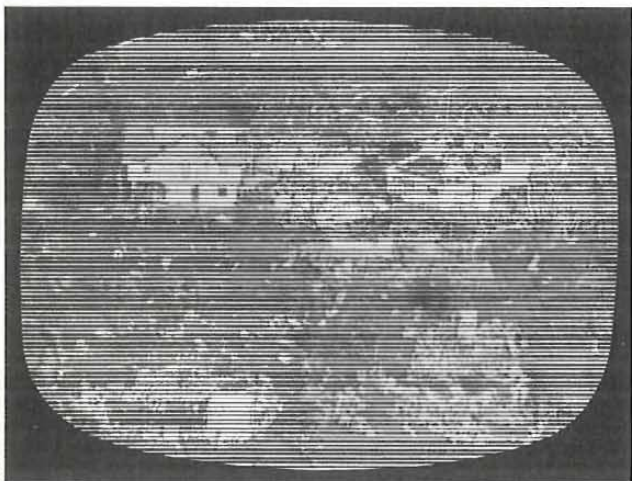
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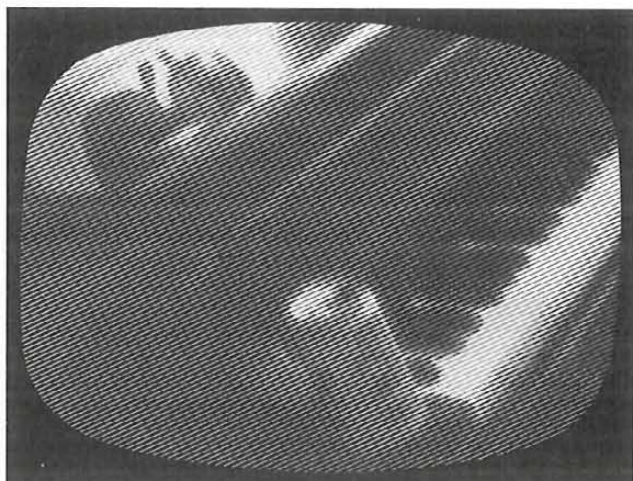
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HOSTED BY RAY CHARLES

HOLD YOUR CAMCORDERS HIGH, AMERICA...THE WORST IS YET TO COME!



THE MYTH OF THE ETERNAL BEERTINI

A Folkloric Perspective on the Primal Beginnings of the "Idiot Teens" of Jerry's Corners, New York



by Beryl Sweeney

FOR THREE YEARS now I have lived among the people of Jerry's Corners, a small upstate New York town in Que'e'eimmoh'igu'un'nk County. Here I have studied the work and play patterns of a simple American community; specifically, I have focused on the interactions of a group of four teenagers known locally as the Idiot Teens. During this time I have come to regard the Idiot Teens as a myth in the making: a group whose exploits have had such powerful effects on the community at large that they have become part of the area's collective folklore, though none of the Idiot Teens has yet graduated from high school.

My findings, however, have been uniformly reviled by the academic community. "Hogwash," wrote Alan Dundes in *Mouth to Mouth: The Oral Historian's Journal*. "Beryl Sweeney has perpetrated a hoax as

imaginatively endowed as the Piltown man." Jan Brunvald supported that opinion in his book *Rat with an Uzi: The Twenty-seventh Collection of Urban Legends*, and added, "Sweeney's fantastical reports seem lifted straight from a rejected Porky's screenplay. Where I come from we have a completely different name for Idiot Teens—we call them felons." Even those associates in the folklore field with whom I had previously enjoyed a friendly relationship have taken to calling me "the Dian Fossey of hairy adolescents."

In fact, the enthusiasm of my detractors has been such that my grants have been withdrawn and my doctoral adviser has abandoned me, claiming that I have become too personally attached to my subjects to produce any "legitimate scholarship." Nonetheless, I remain determined to docu-

ment all that there is to know about this group so important and rare: Pete, the attractive, fast-talking ringleader; Sinbad, the gonzo trickster/drun kard; Paul, the repressed, morally upright athlete; and Ringo, the young, chain-smoking swami.

To be close to them, I have rented a trailer-home dwelling outside Jerry's Corners. To support my studies, I have taken employment at Ken's Grease Hut, a local diner. Thus I continue my work, certain that the truth will come out.

In this paper, the Idiot Teens once again subvert the intergenerational traditions of the community to create new rituals that validate their own powerful "Svengali-like hold over the local pinheads," as Pete has remarked. First, however, they relate the specific circumstances that brought them together.

SINBAD

Well, basically, Beryl, it was pretty fucked up. Or rather, *I* was pretty fucked up. I had been sipping a preschool cocktail of homemade grain alcohol from a plastic milk jug. This was before underage drinking became such a big deal, you understand, so it was totally common to go through school good and loaded. Common for me, anyway. A lot of kids complained that drinking interfered with their schoolwork, but I found just the opposite to be true.

Anyway, Clark [Cardinal Ed Clark High School] had just bought this golf cart from the Queoihim Valley Country Club for security purposes [Appendix A: Clark High Security Paraphernalia]. It was supposed to give the tubercular Clark High security detachment a mobility edge when chasing pot-smoking headbangers around



PAUL

I swear, Beryl, this was my absolute first trip to the office. They didn't even tell me what I was being sent down for. But then, my family has a long history of mental illness—it's like a kind of brain seizure that hits each generation of us Peevish-Peevishes at the most unexpected moments. Pete calls it "the Loony Lotto." So I guess [Clark High Principal] Morrison was only acting in the school's best interests by severely disciplining me before I completely lost control of all normal brain functions. I mean, how could I ever be taught a lesson if I was too mentally dysfunctional to know what I had done wrong? Fortunately for me, the other Idiot Teens have always treated me like a friend. Or at least a close acquaintance.



RINGO

It was my first week at high school, and the ninth-grade art teacher, the wheezing sixty-year-old Mr. Hausmann, who picked

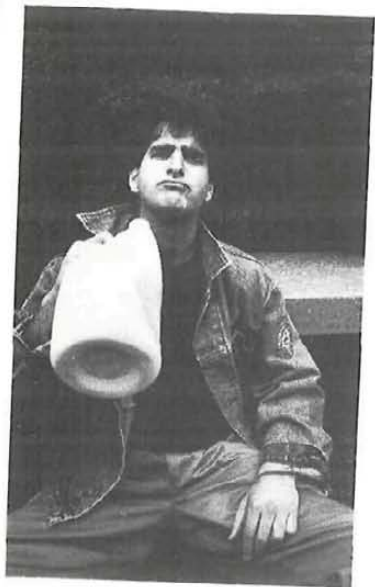
up extra bingo money by making mailboxes in the shape of covered wagons, told us the assignment was to create a collage that reflected what we thought of ourselves. It was pretty predictable—all these girls cut headlines out of *Sassy* and *Seventeen* and *Kirk Cameron Magazine* and stuck them on a piece of typing paper so that their self-portrait said things like "Good Girls Don't!" "Kiss and Tell, Tell, Tell!" and "Sexy S'il Vous Plait!" But for mine, I took one of Mr. Hausmann's covered-wagon mailboxes and crushed it with a sledgehammer and nailed the pieces to some particle board, to represent my complete disrespect for him and his work. Then I borrowed my little brother's BB gun and shot "Ringo" in cursive through the board, making sure to put a smiley face in the "o" so I could fit in with the girls. I called it "Line of Fire, Hausmann-Style." Then I poured shellac over the whole thing.

But once again, freedom of expression was proved to be a myth, and Mr. Hausmann got the jump on Jesse Helms by a couple of years. He sent me to Morrison's office before I even got a chance to hang my collage on the wall with all the others.



PETE

I remember that it happened on a crisp, clear fall day, the kind that makes you want to just live in harmony with nature—which is a longstanding Idiot Teen goal upheld time and time again from the Great Naked Bathe-in and beyond. Typically, it was my enjoyment of the season that sent me to the



in the parking lot. Mr. James, the cross-country coach, also used it for practice after school—that is, until Bobby Weedling, this hydrocephalic kid with a head like a pumpkin, tripped one time and Mr. James ran over him, popping Bobby's head like a rotting tomato. Or a pumpkin. Either way, Mr. James hit the sauce pretty hard after that.

But to make a long story short, I guess I passed out or something—pretty understandable, Beryl, since I was just a sophomore and not the educated drinker I am now—and Mr. Brznski, chief mobile security commandant, nearly pulled a Mr. James on me. Naturally, they took me to the office, and that's where the paths of fate and grain alcohol crossed.

APPENDIX A

Clark High Security Paraphernalia

As is the case at many parochial schools, "discipline" is an important concept at Clark High, just as its subversion is an important activity to its student body—a conflict that the Idiot Teens have raised to an art. Here Paul analyzes the equipment of the enemy.



A. Camouflage Wear. Mr. Brznski is the entire full-time security staff. His asthma kept him out of Korea, and he weighs about three hundred pounds. He thinks the Republican party is soft on gun control, so he makes kids copy out libertarian tracts as part of their detention punishment. Anyway, he got Morrison to give him the money to buy all these camouflage T-shirts and pants and berets in custom big-and-fat-men's sizes for his crack part-time staff of three—the other guys all have real jobs at the fiberglass factory up in Coldsville. They look totally intimidating patrolling the aisles at the weekly Thursday-night bingo games.



B. Cooler. I guess the reason they're supposed to have this is to hold ice packs for bruised rioting students, but confidentially, Beryl, nobody knows Miller Time like overweight security personnel.



C. Electronic Restraints. These are the zappers that are supposed to turn unruly hooligan kids into jean-jacketed blobs of Jell-O with just one touch. I think Mr. Brznski paid for them himself mail-order out of the back of *Soldier of Fortune*, but unfortunately I guess he was the victim of a Communist plot, 'cause they don't work—he used one for the first time on Sandy Giles for playing his radio during in-school Mass, but the wiring shorted out and Mr. Brznski got zapped and started jabbering like crazy and the kids in the Rosary Society thought it was the Holy Spirit. But really it was just defective mercenary workmanship.



D. Golf Cart. This is the famous golf cart that has been locked up ever since the Bobby Weedling incident—or "Mr. James's Chappaquiddick," as we like to call it. Its only function now is to be periodically liberated by the Idiot Teens for late-night parking-lot time trials. It's fun, but we're kind of pissed at the Queojhim Valley CC for not donating a cart with a built-in wet bar.



E. Bullhorn. Mr. Brznski went apeshit when he first got the bullhorn. He used to stand about five feet away from the burnouts hanging out after school and say, "School is now over! Please disperse from the premises!," and it was so loud (he didn't know how to work the volume) that he couldn't hear them shout back, "Fuck you, old man." Then it got worse due to the time-honored Clark High "Maintenance Through Neglect" policy, so that everything he said sounded like "Shrough zzz kow mumw! Meeze tchtchurschum chemistry!," and then it started picking up the local rock station, which the burnouts loved.

office. To the childish delight of several hundred other tradition-minded teenagers, I had set fire to a two-story pile of leaves that happened to be on school property. I guess I was just naive, Beryl, to think this serene fall ritual would be construed as anything but good old-fashioned fun.

Whatever the case, the upshot is that we all found ourselves in Morrison's office [Appendix B: An Oral History of Terror: Alleged Punishments Inflicted on Students by Principal Morrison], where he decided

to share his point of view that the four of us were the people most likely to develop an attitude problem that would impair, not enhance, the Clark experience.

BERYL

As in the "Road of Death" legends of the Madang tribe of west central Borneo, the initial gathering of heroes (the Idiot Teens) was instigated by the symbolic arch-god, Principal Morrison, in order to punish them. Yet the heroes see opportunity in the

god's punishment; and with each hero's idiot drawing on his special powers, the arch-god is outwitted as the hero/idiots subvert his wishes to their own. In this instance, the Idiot Teens deconstruct what is perhaps the most mysterious intergenerational ritual of any small community—the Homecoming Pep Rally.

PETE

So while we're sitting there, Morrison starts working himself into a rabid lather

An Oral History of Terror: Alleged Punishments Inflicted on Students by Principal Morrison



Ted Drulius, tenth grade.

"Okay, this probably was like ten years ago, and it happened to this kid that everyone called Squirrel because, I don't know, I guess he was like a squirrel. He was like two grades ahead of my brother. I guess this one time he got caught smoking or something—like a totally third-rate activity, but it was the early eighties and way more harsh back then. So anyway, Morrison catches Squirrel smoking and so he takes him down to the music room and makes him sit bare-assed on the inside of the piano—right on the wires. Then he takes this real heavy leather medicine ball from the gym and makes Squirrel toss it up and down in the air.

while Morrison plays chopsticks. I guess it was so painful that Squirrel went insane. You can still see blood inside the piano."



April DiYabbo, eleventh grade.

"My first boyfriend told me this when I was in sixth grade. He told me about how this one time Morrison caught these two kids making out behind the school. So he goes, 'You like making out so much, why don't you just make out all day?' So he took the kids to his office and made them make out. At first they go like, 'Cool, like making out is our punishment?' But then after fifteen minutes or whatever, it was painful. But Morrison goes, 'You like making out so much, why don't you keep making out?' He wouldn't let them take their mouths off each other, so like after an hour there was like this spit crust that was gluing their faces

together. So then they start crying, but he goes, 'You like making out so much, you must be crying because you like it so much.' At the end of the day, they were all bloody and their tongues were black. And I think the girl got impregnated by it, but then my boyfriend had to go in the Army so I never found out. You can still see blood on the girl's old locker."



Trent Moody, ninth grade.

"There's this one family called the Semans—everybody calls them the Sperms, though, 'cause Seman rhymes with semen, you know, like sperm? And they got like sixteen kids. And this one time? Morrison catches one of the Sperms taking food from the cafeteria to help feed the other kids? So he takes the kid to the scrotum—that's what everybody calls the Sperms' house; it's this real junky house down on Second—and goes to Mr. Sperm, 'Line up your kids.' So he does? And so Morrison looks at all the kids and picks out the second-oldest daughter and goes, 'I have to take your daughter, 'cause I caught your son stealing

food.' And Mrs. Sperm? Her hair got white after that and she never was the same. All the Sperms still wear shitty clothes, even though they got one less mouth to feed at the scrotum. That happened when my cousin was here [in high school], and my cousin? He was lab partners with the kid who was locker mates with the Sperm who took the food. But the lunch ladies? They spit in the food and pick their noses in it anyway, so the Sperm must've been pretty desperate. You can still see the blood on the street where Morrison had to punch Mr. Sperm to let go of the daughter."

about how he'd like to focus our undeniable energy and imagination positively. And then he made us members of the Student Pep Committee. It was a great move on his part, even though we didn't ultimately become the male cheerleaders he was looking for. Call him what you will, Beryl—idiot savant, mental retard—Morrison did more for bringing the Idiot Teens together than anybody, although Paul and Sinbad had been in the same Scout troop for about a month in sixth grade, but then they went

on this camping trip by Lake George and Mr. Nordstrom, the Scoutmaster, had a nervous breakdown. All the Scouts had to force-feed him Tang, the drink of the astronauts, and wrap him up in sleeping bags and carry him out of the woods to the highway, where about fifty cars went by before one finally stopped. His kids Doug and Darrel were on the trip, and it was totally humiliating to them that their dad flipped out, but we try not to let the incident come up in conversation when they're around

any more than we have to, although we do talk about Tang a lot. Anyway, the troop sort of dissolved after that, and Paul and Sinbad never saw each other again until high school.

PAUL

Right away, Sinbad invited us over to the Emperor's Suite [Idiot Teen terminology for Sinbad's room]. It was one of the last times he would ever invite us. It's better this way, because now we just walk in whenever we feel like it, even if he's got a cheerleader in there or whatever.

I guess none of us were too thrilled about having to work on the Homecoming Pep Rally [to be held on the day before the game against Clark High's arch-rival, Brookhaven, a nearby suburban high school]. Then Pete pointed out that it would be an excellent opportunity to experiment with the free-floating raw energies of seven hundred high school students—"tangle them in our web of popularity" are the words I think he used. Sinbad thought the pep rally should somehow include the themes of firearms and nudity. We toyed with the idea and never really dismissed it—in fact, we've enjoyed using those themes in other adventures—but none of us really had the confidence in the power of our own naked bodies like we do now.

As per usual, it was Ringo who latched onto the big picture first. I think he was a little disappointed that he couldn't work on the pep rally by himself, and at first, the rest of us were kind of hurt by that. I mean, Ringo's the kind of guy that you really want to like you. It's sort of like the way we feel about King Brent Scott I [the twenty-nine-year-old all-time quarterback and muffler-repair expert from Brookhaven High School]—he commands respect. All the same, Pete went into this huge, Scout-style teamwork speech that finally convinced Ringo that four able-bodied teens could do way more damage than one. Anyway, I'm pretty sure Ringo likes us now, though it's not the kind of thing you want to bet on. Like, if he had to choose between saving my life or getting two free cartons of cigarettes... well, I don't want to think about it.

So Ringo's the one who finally said, "Let's burn a living effigy." No one spoke for a while, such was the genius of Ringo's plan.

RINGO

One of the reasons I wanted to work on the pep rally by myself is that, as soon as Morrison spoke, I saw the whole scene *exactly*. Like, what does a pep rally *mean*, anyway? Well, at a Catholic school like Clark, it's an expression of a very primal desire: the pep rally is a means by which we symbolically send our opponents to hell. A pep rally without hell is like a headbanger without a parking lot. Personally, though, I

say why the players—hell is for the parent booster club in the sticky overpriced concessions booth, but that's just me, Beryl, not the group wish.

Still, if you're a visionary, you have to get used to small-minded people trying to get in your way. In these cases, I always try to relax and concentrate on the image of a cartoon anvil falling with irresistible momentum, crushing its opposition and forcing them to waddle around accordion-style. And so it was on the rally committee—Tammy, the "student pep coordinator," thought the living-effigy idea was "gross," and tried to get us to settle for "Brookhaven Busters" and illiterate "Go Scalper's" buttons.

That's when we went directly to the people. Our poster-and-petition campaign [Appendix C] did the trick, and why wouldn't it—we were giving teens their wildest fantasy, a really gross, slo-mo, life-size killing. Mark my words, Beryl, even the most SAT-added student government leader would pay to see realistic violence. Kids love to look within themselves and discover their violent, kill-or-be-killed natural side. It's very heavy shit, Beryl, and a lot of laughs to play around with.

PETE

As the day of the rally drew near, the excitement was virtually irresistible. I think that was when we started to realize the incredible power we as Idiot Teens could wield. Some people call it manipulative, Beryl, but it's really just a process of mutual discovery. That's what the Idiot Teens are all about: discovering needs you never thought you had. And if the journey of discovery proves entertaining, heck, that's just the olive in the beertini.

But like I was saying, the atmosphere was charged. The fire alarm went off about six times one day—a Clark High record. And on the day of the pep rally, well, all academic progress slowed to a standstill (compared to the Bataan Death March pace at which it usually bustles). The curiosity about how we would achieve this "special effect" had grown to enormous proportions. We had to smile, Beryl. For the first time we had succeeded in achieving true communion—though not, of course, for the last.

SINBAD

Well, the pep rally proceeded ideally, if you can call a dark high school stadium filled with a hyperactive crowd of mind-controlled teens "ideal." I mean, I do, but everyone's got their own opinion. Our committee drones had done a nice job with the thirty-foot ritual effigy-burning pyre, and it was all I could do to keep myself from lighting it right away. But I didn't have to wait long, because our living effigy, marching between two hooded football players,

entered the stadium.

The setup was sweet. Paul, whose dad gives the Brookhaven team captain, King Brent Scott I, a lot of business at the King Rear muffler shop, called the King and asked if we could have a player to burn as a living effigy. The King wasn't sure until Paul reminded him about all the muffler business Paul's dad gave him. Plus I threw in my secret recipe for beertinis. So King Brent Scott I gave us this kid named Tommy Flanagan. The only reason Tommy

Flanagan's even on the Brookhaven team is because everyone feels sorry for him. He's kind of simple since this time two years ago when King Brent Scott I came to practice drunk and got Tommy to hold the ball for him while he tried to kick some field goals. They say there's still about five stainless-steel cleats embedded in Tommy's brain somewhere, but hey, you try it, Beryl—it's fuckin' hard trying to drink and kick field goals at the same time.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 82)

APPENDIX C

Pep Rally Poster and Petition

PETE

To put fellow students in the proper frame of mind for the Homecoming Pep Rally, the Idiot Teens devised an effective publicity campaign. I handled the petitions, which basically read: "We, the undersigned, think that burning a living effigy would better whip us into a patriotic frenzy than burning a lifeless, homemade effigy." I hate to admit it, Beryl, but the posters were the real driving force. Ringo did those. This is what they looked like:

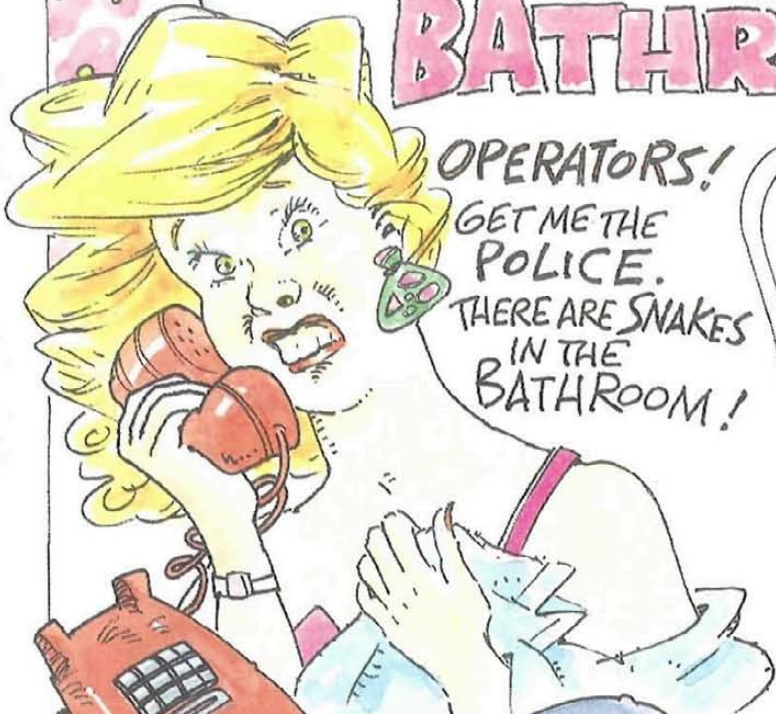


Joanette Adams

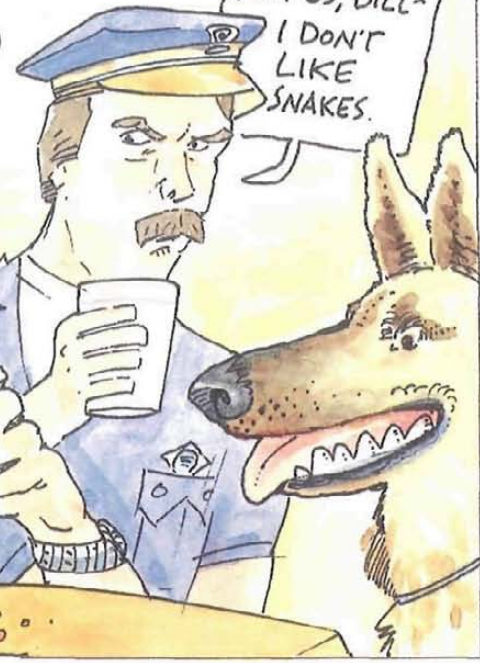
© M.K. BROWN

Snakes

IN THE
BATHROOM



HELLO?
WHAT?
SNAKES?
NO PROBLEM!
WE'LL SEND
SOMEONE OVER
RIGHT AWAY.



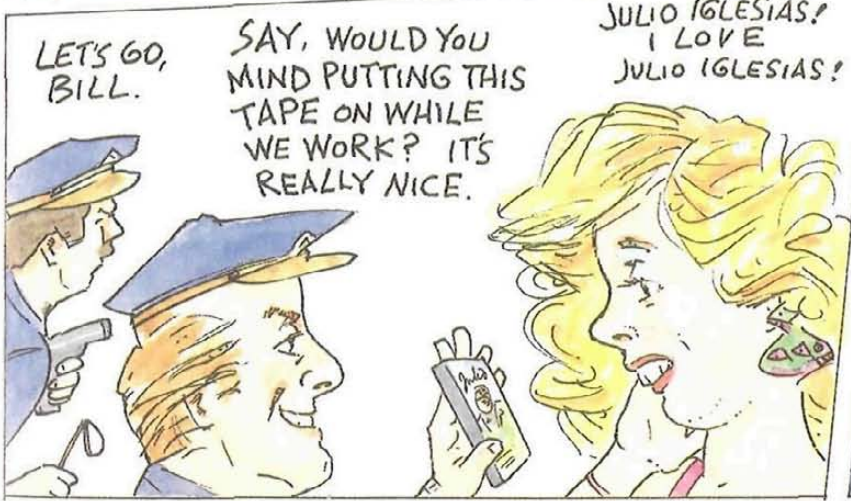


WELL, THAT WAS FAST.

GOOD EVENING. WE'RE FROM THE POLICE. WE HEAR YOU HAVE SOME REPTILES ON THE PREMISES.

PIECE O' CAKE.

THEY'RE IN THERE.



LET'S GO, BILL.

SAY, WOULD YOU MIND PUTTING THIS TAPE ON WHILE WE WORK? IT'S REALLY NICE.

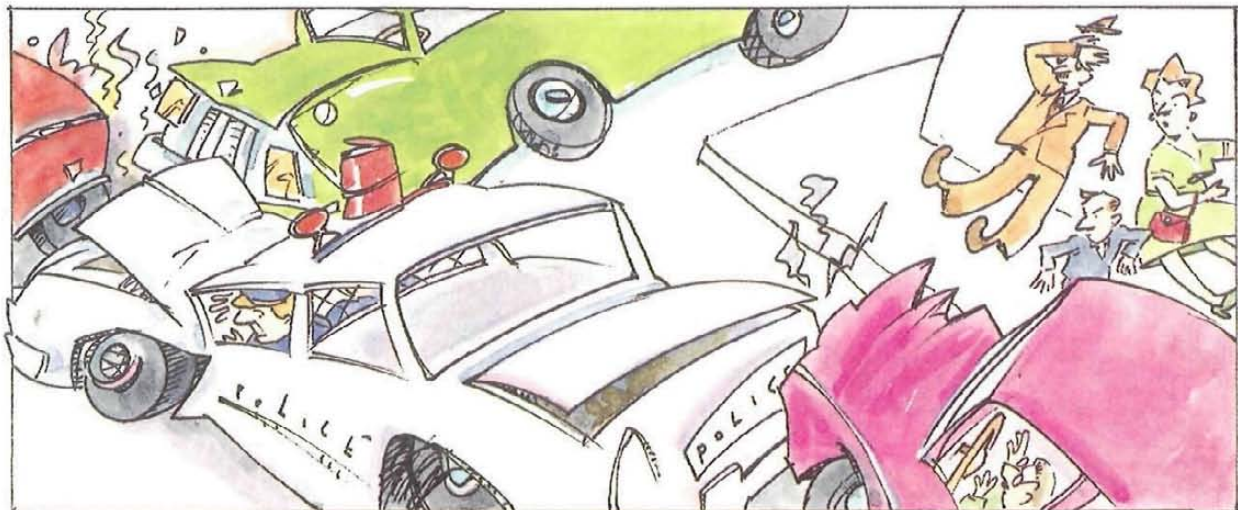
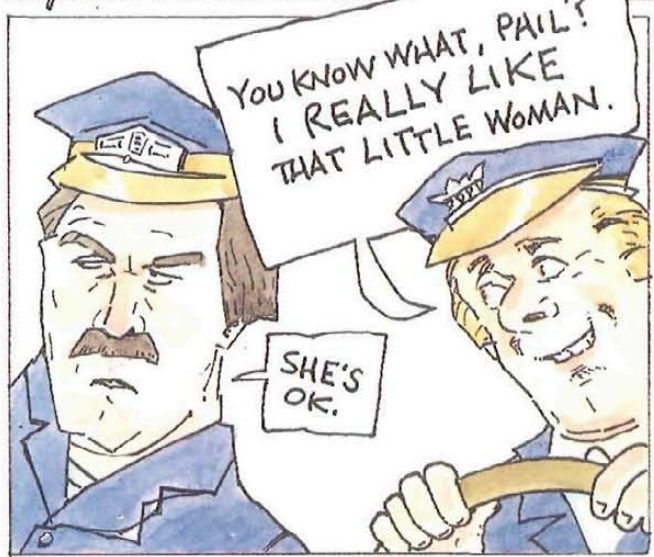
JULIO IGLESIAS!
I LOVE
JULIO IGLESIAS!



BILL, THIS IS NOT GOOD.

DON'T COME IN HERE, MISS.







OH, MAN, THIS IS BAD.

I'M SENDING FOR REINFORCEMENTS!



HERE THEY COME, WE'RE IN DEEP TROUBLE, BILL - YOU KNOW THAT.

I KNOW.



WE COULD GET SACKED - OR YOU COULD.

OH, WHO CARES, PHIL? I'M IN LOVE.



BILL, AT HOME

I LEFT MY TAPE AT HER HOUSE.

I'LL HAVE TO GO BACK AND GET IT.



MEANWHILE

THIS COULD BE THE START OF SOMETHING GOOD.

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

★ ★ FROM NATIONAL LAMPOON ★ ★

MAGAZINES \$5.00 EACH

- AUGUST 1972 / Democracy
- SEPTEMBER 1972 / Boredom
- NOVEMBER 1972 / Decadence
- DECEMBER 1972 / Easter Issue
- MAY 1973 / Fraud
- JUNE 1973 / Violence
- JULY 1973 / Modern Times
- SEPTEMBER 1973 / Life Parody
- OCTOBER 1973 / Banana Issue
- NOVEMBER 1973 / Sports
- DECEMBER 1973 / Self-indulgence
- MAY 1974 / Fiftieth Anniversary
- JULY 1974 / Dessert
- AUGUST 1974 / Isolationism & Tooth Care
- SEPTEMBER 1974 / Old Age
- NOVEMBER 1974 / Civics
- OCTOBER 1975 / Collector's Issue
- JANUARY 1976 / Secret Issue
- FEBRUARY 1976 / Artists and Models
- MARCH 1976 / In Like a Lion
- APRIL 1976 / Olympic Sports
- MAY 1976 / Unwanted Foreigners
- AUGUST 1976 / Summer Sex
- SEPTEMBER 1976 / The Latest Issue
- OCTOBER 1976 / The Funny Pages
- NOVEMBER 1976 / Is Democracy Fixed?
- DECEMBER 1976 / Selling Our
- JANUARY 1977 / Surefire Issue
- FEBRUARY 1977 / JFK Reinaugural
- MARCH 1977 / Science and Technology
- APRIL 1977 / Ripping the Lid off TV
- JUNE 1977 / Careers
- JULY 1977 / Nasty Sex
- AUGUST 1977 / Cheap Thrills
- SEPTEMBER 1977 / Grow Up!
- OCTOBER 1977 / All Beatles
- NOVEMBER 1977 / Lifestyles
- DECEMBER 1977 / Christmas in December
- JANUARY 1978 / The Role of Sex in History
- FEBRUARY 1978 / Spring Fascism in Preview
- MARCH 1978 / Crime and Punishment
- APRIL 1978 / Spring Cleaning
- MAY 1978 / Families
- JUNE 1978 / The Wild West
- JULY 1978 / 100th Anniversary
- AUGUST 1978 / Today's Teens
- SEPTEMBER 1978 / Style
- OCTOBER 1978 / Entertainment

\$4.00 EACH

- APRIL 1979 / April Fool
- MAY 1979 / International Terrorism
- AUGUST 1979 / Summer Vacation
- OCTOBER 1979 / Comedy
- DECEMBER 1979 / Success
- FEBRUARY 1980 / Tenth Anniversary
- MARCH 1980 / March Miscellany
- APRIL 1980 / Vengeance
- MAY 1980 / Sex Roles
- JUNE 1980 / Fresh Air
- JULY 1980 / Slime, Swill, and Politics
- AUGUST 1980 / Anxiety
- SEPTEMBER 1980 / The Past
- OCTOBER 1980 / Aggression
- NOVEMBER 1980 / Potpourri
- DECEMBER 1980 / Fun Takes a Holiday
- FEBRUARY 1981 / Sin

- MARCH 1981 / Women and Dogs
- APRIL 1981 / Chaos
- MAY 1981 / Naked Ambition
- JUNE 1981 / Romance
- JULY 1981 / Endless, Mindless Summer Sex
- AUGUST 1981 / Let's Get It Up, America!
- SEPTEMBER 1981 / Back to School
- OCTOBER 1981 / Movies
- NOVEMBER 1981 / TV and Why It Sucks
- DECEMBER 1981 / What's Hip?
- JANUARY 1982 / Sword and Sorcery
- FEBRUARY 1982 / The S-x-y Issue
- MARCH 1982 / Food Fight
- APRIL 1982 / Failure
- MAY 1982 / Crime
- JUNE 1982 / Do It Yourself
- JULY 1982 / Sporting Life
- AUGUST 1982 / The New West
- SEPTEMBER 1982 / Hot Sex!
- OCTOBER 1982 / O.C. and Stiggs
- NOVEMBER 1982 / Economic Recovery
- DECEMBER 1982 / E.T. Issue
- JANUARY 1983 / The Top Stories of 1983
- FEBRUARY 1983 / Raging Controversy
- MARCH 1983 / Tamper-Proof Issue
- APRIL 1983 / Swimsuit
- MAY 1983 / The South Seas
- JUNE 1983 / Adults Only
- JULY 1983 / Vacation!
- AUGUST 1983 / Science and Bad Manners
- SEPTEMBER 1983 / Big Anniversary Issue
- OCTOBER 1983 / Dilated Pupils
- NOVEMBER 1983 / No Score
- DECEMBER 1983 / Holiday Jeers

\$3.00 EACH

- JANUARY 1984 / Time Parody Issue
- FEBRUARY 1984 / All-Comics Issue
- MARCH 1984 / The Sixties' Greatest Hits
- APRIL 1984 / You Can Parody Anything
- MAY 1984 / Baseball Preview
- JUNE 1984 / This Summer's Movies
- JULY 1984 / Special Summer Fun
- AUGUST 1984 / Unofficial Olympics Guide
- SEPTEMBER 1984 / Fall Fashions
- OCTOBER 1984 / Just Good Stuff
- NOVEMBER 1984 / The Accidental Issue
- DECEMBER 1984 / The Last of the old NL
- JANUARY 1985 / Good Clean Sex
- FEBRUARY 1985 / A Misguided Tour of N.Y.
- MARCH 1985 / The Best of Fifteen Years
- MAY 1985 / Celebrity Roast

- JUNE 1985 / The Doug Kenney Collection
- JULY 1985 / Youth at Play
- AUGUST 1985 / All-New True Facts
- SEPTEMBER 1985 / Lust Issue
- OCTOBER 1985 / Music Issue
- NOVEMBER 1985 / Mad As Hell
- DECEMBER 1985 / Reagan and Revenge
- JANUARY 1986 / Good Clean Sex
- FEBRUARY 1986 / Money
- MARCH 1986 / All About Women
- APRIL 1986 / Doctors and Lawyers
- MAY 1986 / Sports
- JUNE 1986 / Horror and Fantasy
- JULY 1986 / Hot Summer Sex
- AUGUST 1986 / Show Biz
- SEPTEMBER 1986 / Sleaze
- OCTOBER 1986 / Back to School

\$5.00 EACH

- DECEMBER 1986 / 200th Anniversary
 - FEBRUARY 1987 / Things You Can't Do
 - APRIL 1987 / Crime Pays
 - JUNE 1987 / Sex and Unusual Practices
 - AUGUST 1987 / All-New True Facts
 - OCTOBER 1987 / Back to School
 - DECEMBER 1987 / Woman of the Year
 - FEBRUARY 1988 / Winter Inventory
 - APRIL 1988 / Television
 - JUNE 1988 / Subliminal Sex
 - AUGUST 1988 / Even More True Facts
 - OCTOBER 1988 / Sports
 - DECEMBER 1988 / Potpourri
 - FEBRUARY 1989 / Tyson
 - APRIL 1989 / Mediocrity
 - JUNE 1989 / Summer Sex
 - AUGUST 1989 / Music
 - OCTOBER 1989 / Back to College
 - DECEMBER 1989 / Gala Party
 - FEBRUARY 1990 / Conspiracy
 - APRIL 1990 / Spring Break '90
 - JUNE 1990 / Special Lust Issue
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| — 1979 | — 1983 | — 1987 | | |

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It is imperative that I acquire the items checked above in order to keep my home humor collection complete. I am enclosing \$2.00 in postage and handling for my order if it's under \$10.00, and \$3.00 for said charges if the order totals more than \$10.00, small price to pay for U.S. postal delivery. If I'm a New York State resident I'm adding 8 1/4 percent sales tax, which is another matter entirely.

Name (please print) _____
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Tear out the whole page with items checked, enclose check or money order, and mail to:
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Credit card orders: Only on orders of \$20.00 or more.

MasterCard # _____ Exp. Date _____
 Visa # _____ Exp. Date _____

Signature _____

RUN AROUND WITH YOUR DICK HANGING OUT AND HUMP WHOEVER YOU WANT.



You're a postal worker. Or a doorman. Or maybe you drive a bus. You go out drinking every night, and then you go home and pork your mattress. You can't remember the last time a decent piece of ass gave you a second glance. But for three months' salary,

you can spend two weeks of a pointless year in carnal Disneyland, living out your primitive fantasies of the good life. See your travel agent, **CLUB HED**® or call 1-800-CLUB-HED. **CLUB HED**®
The antidote for calcification.™

POLITENESSMAN'S MANNERS OF THE WORLD

YOU'RE WELCOME!

BY RON BARRETT

A GLOBAL TOUR OF GRACIOUSNESS

AND FOREIGN CUSTOMS

CLOTH HANKIES

NAPKIN RINGS

NUT CUPS

DOILIES

NECK-TIES

THANKEE YOU.

THANK UGH.

DENKS.

HOW VERY KIND!

THANKEZ VOUS.

MUCHAS GARCIAS

TANKA-WATSA-MATTA-FOR-YOU.



BEFORE WE DEPART FROM NEW YORK, I'M GOING TO HAVE MY SHOES SHINED!

Gates 4-10

ZIP-A-DEE-DOO-DAH

THUP THUP

TYRONE'S SHINE PARLOR

OF COURSE, IT'S GOOD MANNERS AND GOOD LUCK TO RUB THE SHINE BOY'S HEAD WHEN YOU'RE DONE.

ON THE RUNWAY - POLITENESSMAN

THIS IS THE FLIGHT CONTROLLER. I'M GOING TO PATCH YOU IN TO AN EMERGENCY TRANSMISSION FROM TRANS AIR FLIGHT 19.

GO AHEAD.

HI, POLITENESSMAN! THIS IS FLIGHT ATTENDANT NORA! WE'RE PLANNING A LITTLE PARTY IN THE COCKPIT AND... YOU SEE, THE PILOT AND CO-PILOT ARE BOTH RECOVERING ALCOHOLICS...



SO WE WERE WONDERING, IS IT RUDE **NOT** TO OFFER THEM A DRINK?



NORA, IN A WORD "YES." THERE IS DIGNITY IN BEING GIVEN A CHOICE. THEY WANT TO BE TREATED LIKE ALL YOUR GUESTS.



WHEN OFFERED AN ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGE, THEY WILL SIMPLY SAY "NO."



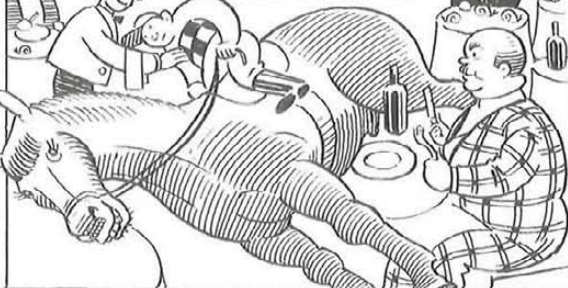
AIRBORNE AT LAST, WE WING OUR WAY TO EUROPE, HOME OF SO MANY FOREIGNERS.



HAVE YOU EVER SAID "I'M SO HUNGRY I COULD EAT A HORSE!"? WELL, THE FRENCH **DO!** LET'S GO SEE!



THEY BEGIN BY REMOVING THE JOCKEY, THEN THE SHOES, IT'S CALLED AN **HORS D'OEUVRE!**



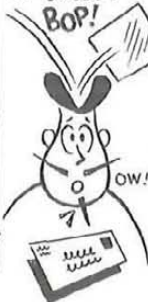
CAFÉS ARE HAUNTS OF WRITERS, ARTISTS, AND NUDES.



OUI! I AM WRITING ZEE LETTER BOMB TO MARGARET THATCHER! ZAT PEEG!



HE FEELS THE STING OF THE HANKY OF STEEL!



"DON'T LET YOUR MEAT LOAF" IS THE WRONG WAY TO END A LETTER TO A PRIME MINISTER. YOU SHOULD HAVE WRITTEN: "YOURS FAITHFULLY."



PARDON! I WEE OPEN ZEE LETTAIR AND CHANGE EET!





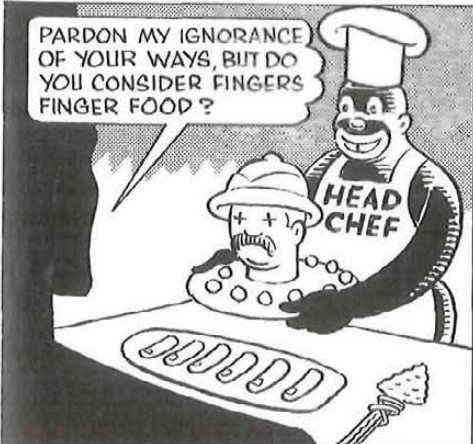
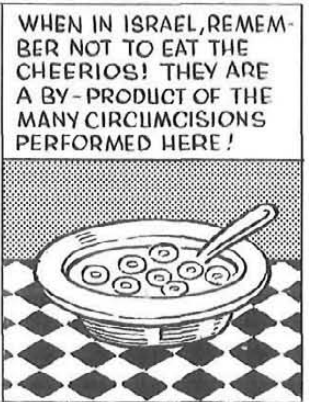
NOTE THAT THE CLOTHING OF ITALIAN MEN SHOWS EXCESSIVE WEAR AND TEAR IN THE FRONT. THAT'S BECAUSE IT'S CONSIDERED GOOD MANNERS FOR A MAN TO INTRODUCE HIMSELF TO A WOMAN BY RUBBING AGAINST HER.



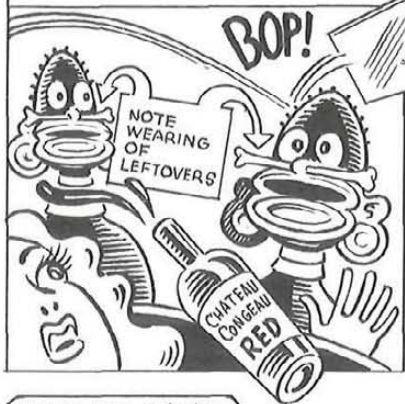
IN CHARMING SPAIN THEY HAVE A POEM THAT GOES LIKE THIS:

When a señor meets a señorita,
Tell me, how does he greet 'er?
Not with kisses or howdy-dooing,
But by passing her the gum he's chewing!

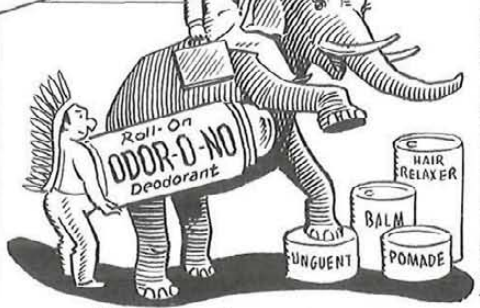
SUCH A ROMANTIC CUSTOM!



THE ANSWER: NEVER SERVE RED WINE WITH WHITE MEAT!



IN INDIA, FOLKS ARE VERY ATTENTIVE TO PERSONAL HYGIENE.



CLEANLINESS IS NEXT TO COURTEOUSNESS.

THE GIRL IN THE BAKERY SCRUPULOUSLY CLEANS HER FINGERS AFTER SHE DROPS EACH OF OUR ECLAIRS INTO THE BOX.

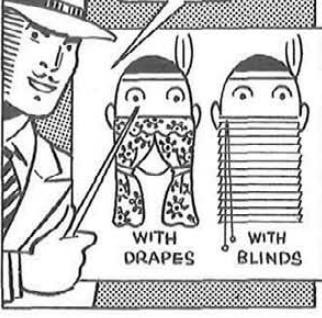


INDIA IS A MAN'S COUNTRY. ONLY LATELY, THROUGH SOCIAL AGITATION, HAVE WOMEN GAINED THE RIGHT TO HAVE THEIR NAMES ON THEIR BOWLS!

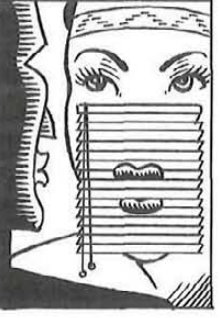


BUT A WIFE STILL MUST LIVE IN A LITTLE HOUSE IN THE BACKYARD!

SOME WOMEN ARE REQUIRED TO COVER THEIR FACES!



THEY MAY ONLY KISS THROUGH THE SLATS!



IT'S ALSO CONSIDERED GOOD MANNERS FOR A WIDOW TO JOIN HER HUSBAND ON HIS FUNERAL PYRE.



THE TRUE GENTLEMAN OFFERS A LADY A LIGHT!

THE CHIEF PRODUCT OF INDIA IS CORPSES. SO IF AN INDIAN IS INVITED TO DINNER, HE'LL PROBABLY BRING ONE ALONG!



THEY MAKE GOOD LISTENERS, DON'T EAT MUCH...



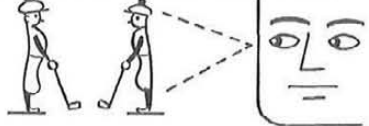
AND MAY BE BENT TO FORM AN EXTRA CHAIR.



WE'RE ON OUR WAY TO JAPAN, WORLD CAPITAL OF COURTESY. EVER WONDER WHY THE JAPANESE BOW SO MUCH? IT'S DUE TO A SIMPLE FACT OF PHYSIOLOGY.



HERE ARE TWO GOLFERS SEEN BY A PERSON WITH CONVENTIONAL EYES:



HERE ARE TWO GOLFERS SEEN BY A PERSON WITH SLANTED EYES:



THEY APPEAR TO BE BOWING! AND FOR CENTURIES, JAPANESE HAVE EMULATED THIS VISUAL CLUE!

ANOTHER ANCIENT TRADITION IS THE EXCHANGE OF BUSINESS CARDS, WHICH LATELY HAVE GROWN OUTSIZE IN THE BATTLE FOR BUSINESS PRESTIGE.

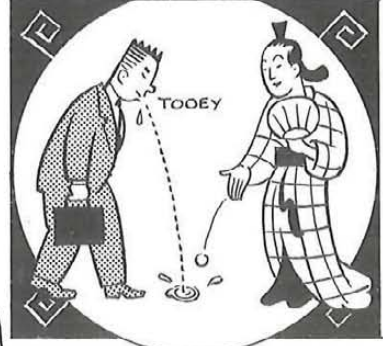


MEN ARE OFTEN BATTERED SENSELESS IN THESE VIGOROUS ENCOUNTERS!

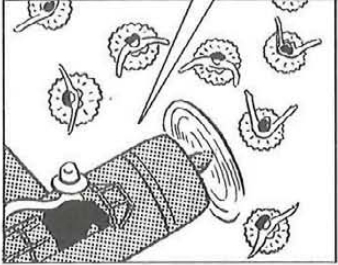
ANOTHER LONG AND HONORABLE TRADITION IS THAT OF THE **WEE-WEE SAN**, OR TOILET HOSTESS.



JAPANESE LOVE TO SPIT AND THEY LOVE TO THROW MONEY INTO WISHING WELLS, A FORTUITOUS COMBINATION!



NOW WE WING OUR WAY ACROSS THE PACIFIC. BELOW LIES MAUI. BUT THERE'S SOMETHING FRIGHTENING THE HULA DANCERS!



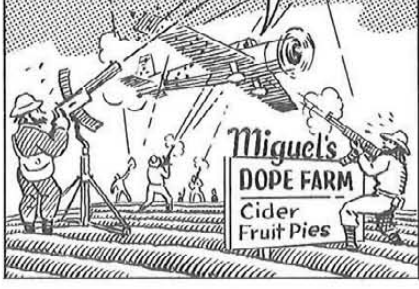
LET'S TAKE A CLOSER LOOK!



NEVER ATTEND A HULA DANCE WITH A LAWN-MOWER!



DESTINATION: COLOMBIA. PEASANT FARMERS ARE WELCOMING US BY FIRING BLANK AMMUNITION INTO THE AIR.



HERE IN A QUIET CORNER OF BOGOTÁ AIRPORT, SOMEONE IS MAKING SAUSAGES, FILLING THEM WITH WHITE POWDER.



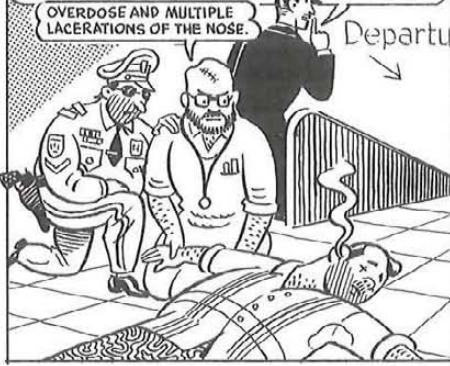
DON'T SWALLOW THEM! IT'S RUDE! YOU MUST CHEW YOUR FOOD!



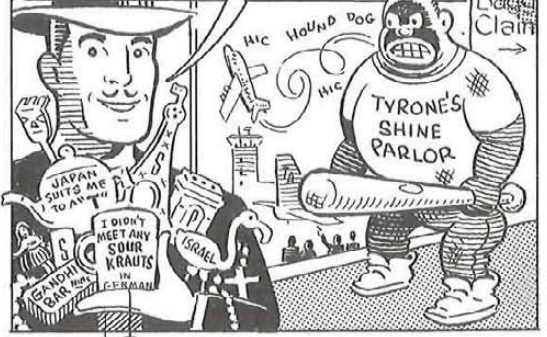
POLITENESSMAN RELUCTANTLY USES HIS STEEL SUGAR TONGS!



AFTER EATING LUNCH, IT'S CUSTOMARY FOR LATIN AMERICANS TO TAKE A NAP, CALLED A SIESTA. SHHHH!



NEW YORK, JOURNEY'S END. ALTHOUGH I DISDAIN SUPERSTITION, RUBBING THAT SHINE-BOY'S HEAD CERTAINLY SEEMED TO BRING US A BON VOYAGE!



TOGO '80

Who Said This Frog Didn't Have Legs?



Here's a *second* chance to own a signed, limited-edition lithograph of the original cartoon.

Four years ago, we issued a limited-edition, signed and numbered fine-quality offset lithograph of the most famous cartoon in *National Lampoon* history: Sam Gross's legless frog. The entire printing immediately sold out. And, as we promised, and with tremendous reluctance, we destroyed the original plate.

Then the letters started pouring in. "Where can we get one of those fine-quality offset limited-edition signed and numbered legless frog lithographs?" people wrote. We went to Sam. We pleaded. We begged. "Let's make some more prints." But Sam said, "No!"

So we waited. We didn't have anything better to do except get out the magazine and work on the screenplay for *Amadeus II*, but the project didn't go anywhere because we couldn't figure out how to bring Mozart back from the dead.

Occasionally we'd see Sam in expensive French restaurants indulging in his passion for *jambes de grenouille* and he'd wave at us and we'd wave back. Then one day after a particularly satisfying meal, he burped, leaned over to us, and said, "Let's make some more limited-edition prints." He then hiccuped three times and promptly fell asleep in what remained of his *Chantilly aux fraises à la diabète*.

So now, after all that sniveling and kicking yourself for not sending in your money four years ago, you have another chance to get a limited-edition of the frogs' legs lithograph.

This printing will be limited to 2,000 copies. It will be

signed by Sam and marked with a "II" to designate the second edition. Again, we promise to destroy the plate after the press run is completed.

The drawing will be printed on paper measuring seventeen inches by twenty-two inches, which makes it eminently suitable for framing.

If you would like to purchase one of these fine lithographs, please fill out the coupon and remit \$25.00 for each one plus \$2.50 for postage and handling. Orders will be processed according to the postmark shown on the envelopes received, and in the event of oversubscription, monies will be refunded to those people who were late in sending in their requests.

This is your second and last chance to own one of these historic prints. This offer will not be repeated.

Meanwhile, Sam's frogs' legs have repeated, but a deal is a deal.

Please send me _____ *National Lampoon* Frog Lithographs at \$25.00 plus \$2.50 for postage and handling.

Name _____

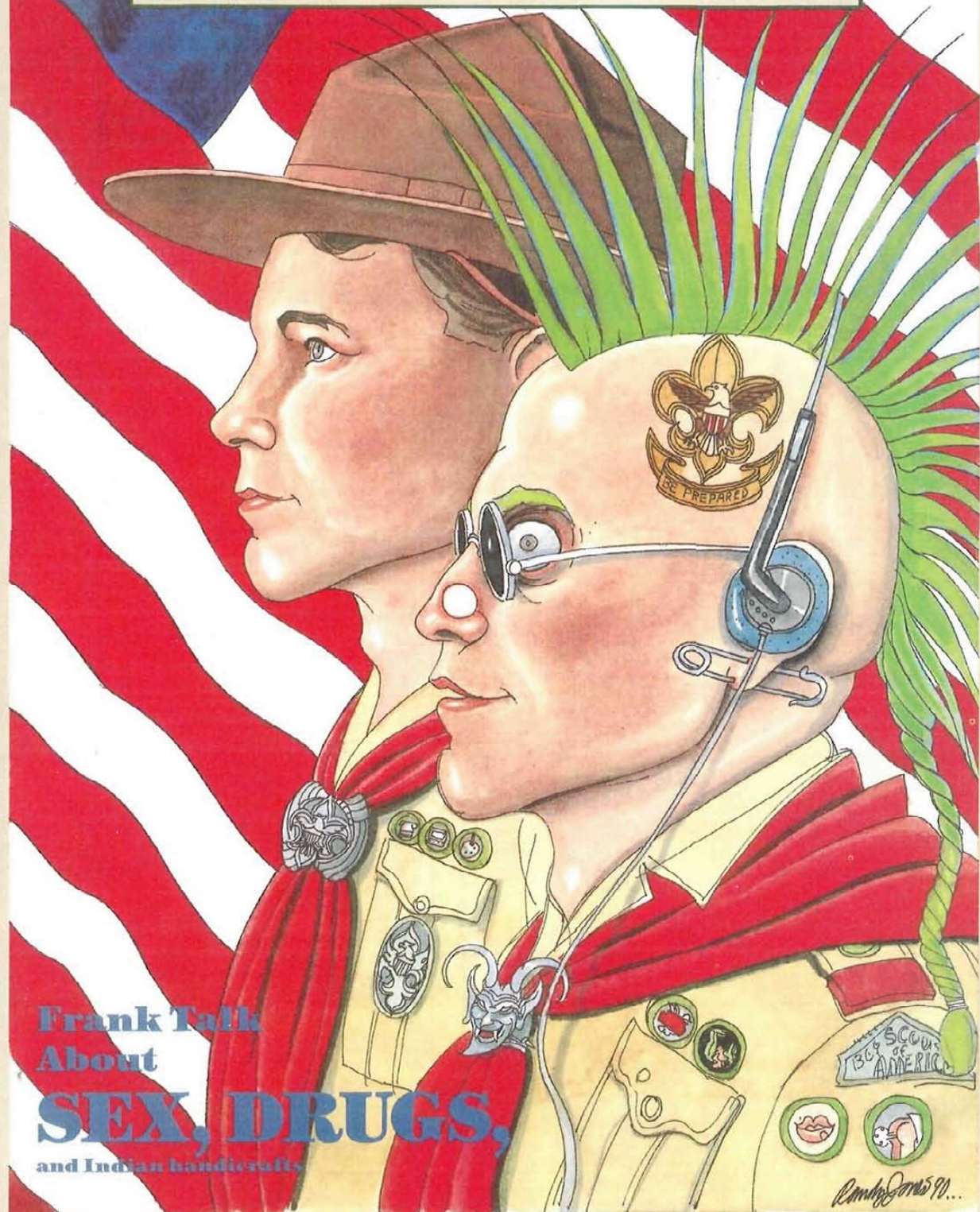
Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

I enclose \$_____ to:
NATIONAL LAMPOON, Dept NL1090
155 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10013.
New York residents, please add 8 1/4 percent sales tax.

THE 1990 BOY SCOUT HANDBOOK

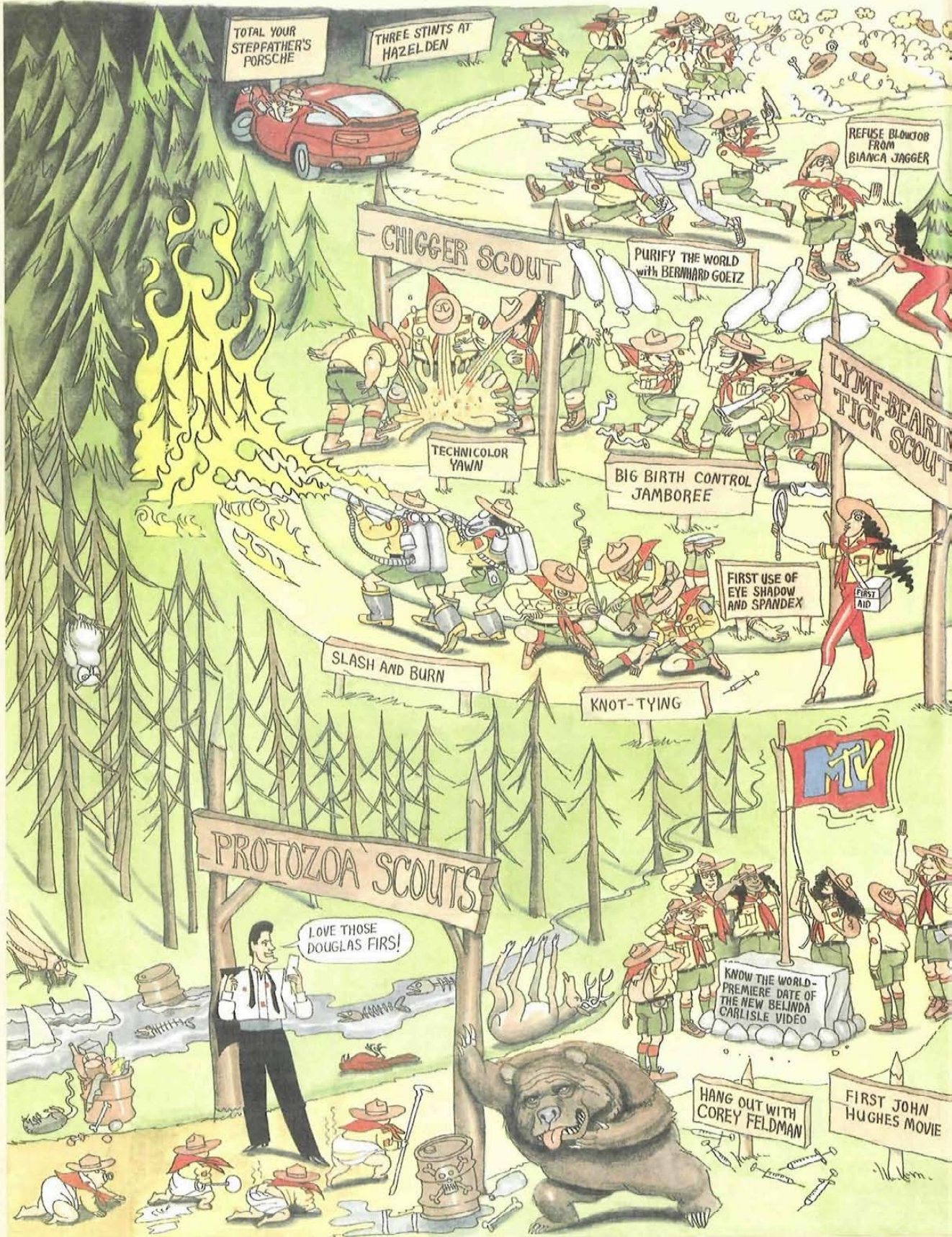


Frank Talk
About
SEX, DRUGS,
and Indian handicrafts

Illustrated by Randy Jones

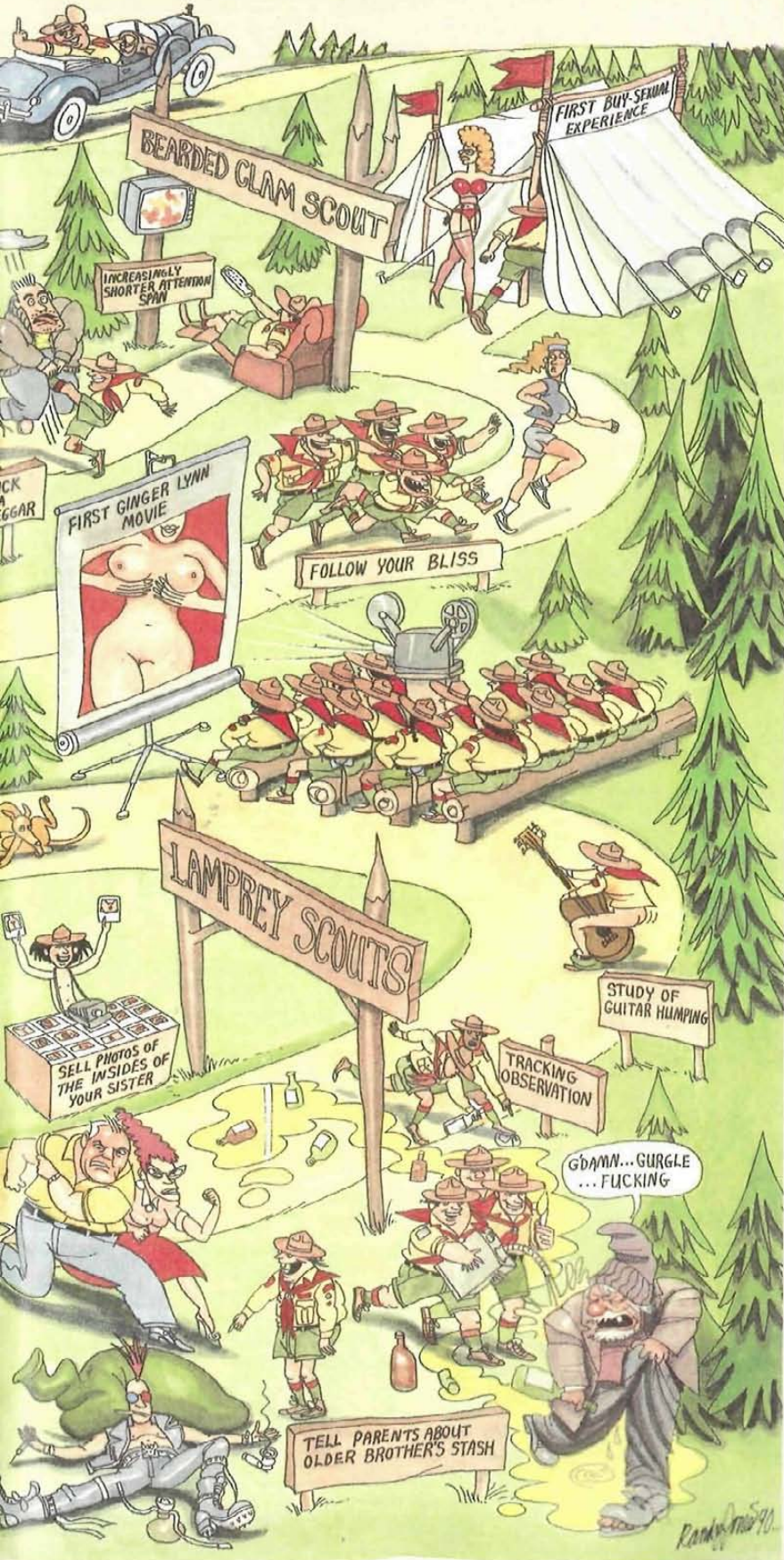
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THE BOY SCOUT FAST TRACK TO CITIZENSHIP



THE INTERNATIONAL LANGUAGE OF SCOUTING

We've come a long way from the dot-dash-dot of Morse code, or the complicated alphabet of semaphore flags. To a "signal-savvy" Scout, the "gesture signals" below would be instantly obvious.



Read My Lips—No New Taxes



Eat My Shorts



What Are You Lookin' At, Homo?



Do You Think I Should Braid My Hair?



Bust a Move

LET'S GO URBAN CAMPING!

Adventure!

You wake to the smell of freshly baked crack... the early-morning stillness, broken by the yelps of Nigerians who were charged \$1,130 for a bus ride from Kennedy to La Guardia... the plaintive eyes of the Hispanic boy who whispers, "I'll do you for a nickel!" at the Port Authority Bus Terminal.

Sound dangerous? You bet! You'll see neighborhoods that never made it into a Woody Allen movie... where the streets have no names, but plenty of malt-liquor billboards, \$160 basketball shoes, and angry shouts of "Suck on *this*, whitey!"

Later, you'll play air guitar around the campfire. See what's on cable. Head out for a nightcap at Elaine's. Maybe get an amaretto ad autographed by Tama Janowitz!

Wow! Let's go Urban Camping!

Your Urban Camping Checklist

- | | |
|--|---|
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Money | <input type="checkbox"/> Pasta maker |
| <input type="checkbox"/> VISA | <input type="checkbox"/> Extra-virgin olive oil |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Carte Blanche | <input type="checkbox"/> Freeze-dried ceviche of striped bass, served in a hollowed blood orange, spiked with three colors of diced pepper and fresh coriander with snow peas |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Diners Club | <input type="checkbox"/> Press-on nails |
| <input type="checkbox"/> MasterCard | <input type="checkbox"/> <i>The New York Review of Books</i> |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 4-cup espresso maker | <input type="checkbox"/> Mr. Softee Strap-on |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Sun-dried tomatoes | <input type="checkbox"/> Massage oil |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Garlic press | <input type="checkbox"/> Cat-o'-nine-tails |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Gelato maker | <input type="checkbox"/> Vibro Probe |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Evian water | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Collapsible wine rack | |

YOUR GLANS AND YOU

Sexual Responsibility

At the age of 11, 12, or 13 (sometimes earlier, sometimes later if you live in Cincinnati), a boy's voice deepens. His chest broadens. His reproductive organs achieve the sleek contours of a Pinewood Derby® racer.

Something's happening here. What it is, is not exactly clear. It's a wild hormonal roller coaster, my young friend, that makes Frodo's journey to Mordor look like a conga line. But true manhood comes from taking responsibility for your sexual organs, in the following ways:

①

Your responsibility to your right hand.

When you are fully grown and can afford dinner at Red Lobster, parking, and tickets to a Kevin Costner movie, you may decide to "date." Until then, an involuntary erection can mar the classically regal Boy Scout silhouette, unless you're into the baggy, unstructured Japanese-designer look, pulling Yamamoto outfits together with Kenzo accessories or hand-painted neckerchiefs from Maxfield in L.A. When you lead your patrol on a "circle jerk," you are learning to be a leader in your troop and your community. You compete against others—and yourself! It's hearty, hands-on fun, especially if you can keep your mind off Cher's tattoos. That's what self-confidence (and self-abuse) is all about.

②

Your responsibility to your rectum.

An affectionate pat on the behind,

URBAN SCAVENGER HUNT!

Your patrol leader reads a list of 25 things to look and listen for, such as:

- Drive-by shooting
- Men French-kissing over candlelit dinner
- Balls of phlegm the size of lawn darts
- New York City resident who hasn't been insulted by David Letterman or *Spy* magazine
- Stain on Tom Wolfe's cream-colored three-piece suit or snazzy blue pocket foulard
- Male who's gotten past page 5 of any Tom Robbins novel ...
- Bum Squeegeeing sperm off Donald Trump's helicopter window for spare change
- Sting's next Broadway performance

THE 1990 MERIT BADGES

Upward to Bearded Clam

Before you get on the upward trail to Bearded Clam, study carefully the requirements for the 1990 Merit Badges. There are 3,872 in all.

REMEMBER: Parents' contributions to the *right kind* of conservative political action committees will not hurt your chances of becoming a Bearded Clam!

especially after a winning touchdown or fun-filled wood-burning session, can show someone we care about him. However, what if your Scoutmaster offers to drive you to the Robert Mapplethorpe exhibit? It is a sad fact that some Scoutmasters suggest impure leathercraft projects to children. A Scoutmaster should never touch the soft, pliant buttocks of a Scout, or whimper as Scouts Indian-wrestle, seamlessly blending their young bodies, wind-tossed cowlicks falling gently across their neckerchiefs.

③

Your responsibility to women.

We realize that the Scout of today has a difficult time of it. This is the section where we discuss supportive and healthy and equal relationships, keeping the best interests of the woman in mind, the miracle of child-birth, the whole nine yards. C'mon. *We're all guys here.* What are the odds of getting her pregnant? One in a thousand? *Don't sweat the small stuff.* Who are they going to believe, a Valerie Bertinelli look-alike who went down more often than Das Boot, or a *Boy Scout*? Wink, wink.

STOP HETEROSEXUAL ABUSE!

REMEMBER: You have the right to say "No!" to any woman who rakes you with her teeth, ignores the sensitive tip of your glans, or gives you an uncomfortable blowjob in any way!



Satan Worship



STD Identification



Manic-Depression



Nazi Hunting



Sushi Eating



Japan Bashing



Vivisection



Date Rape



Tip Stiffing



Simpsons-Speak



Overachiever



Plea Bargaining



\$160-Tennis-Shoe Owning



Abortion-Clinic Bombing

..... 1 point

..... 2 points

..... 3 points

..... 25 points

..... 50 points

..... 75 points

..... 100 points

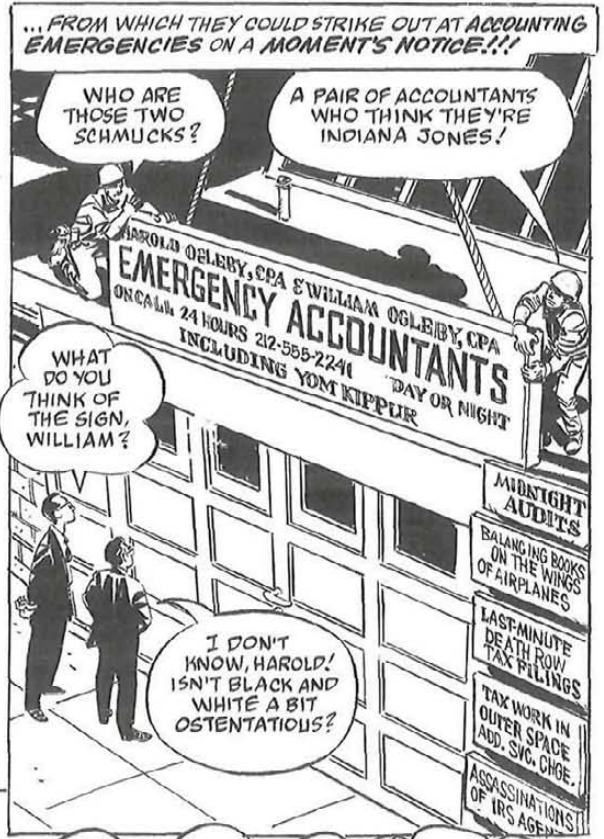
..... minus 100 points

The Scout with the largest score at the end of one hour gets a job writing features for the *New York Post*!

the EMERGENCY ACCOUNTANTS

Story by ED BLUESTONE Illustrated by FRANK SPRINGER

THIS IS THE STORY OF TWO EVERYDAY ACCOUNTANTS, HAROLD AND WILLIAM OGLEBY, WHO DECIDED TO SET THEMSELVES APART FROM THE OTHER PIMPLY-FACED NERDS OF THEIR PROFESSION....



... AS HORACE MENDELSON, THE STORE'S PROPRIETOR, READS THE RIOT ACT TO HIS BOOKKEEPERS.

BUSINESS IS GREAT, BUT WE'RE LOSING MONEY!! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? I WANT THOSE BOOKS BALANCED BY MORNING!!

BUT MR. MENDELSON... TO BALANCE THE BOOKS BY MORNING WE'D NEED ACCOUNTANTS TO HELP US!

ACCOUNTANTS WHO ARE WILLING TO WORK AT NIGHT...

ACCOUNTANTS WHO CAN CALCULATE UNDER PRESSURE.

ACCOUNTANTS WITH NERVES OF STEEL, BRASS BALLS AND UNBREAKABLE BIFOCALS.

ACCOUNTANTS WHO DEFEY THE ODDS...

ACCOUNTANTS LIKE HAROLD AND WILLIAM OGLEBY- THE EMERGENCY ACCOUNTANTS!!!

GET 'EM!!

BACK AT THE FIREHOUSE...

... HAROLD AND WILLIAM ARE AWAKENED BY THE URGENT CALL OF THEIR ANSWERING MACHINE....

WE HAVE AN ACCOUNTING EMERGENCY AT MENDELSON'S DEPARTMENT STORE!!! IT INVOLVES AN ASSET/LIABILITY MISBALANCE IN OUR LEDGER ACCOUNTS, AND A BOSS WHO HAS A HAIR UP HIS ASS!!!

LET'S GO!

YOU GET THE SLIDE RULE! I'LL LOAD THE STAPLE GUNS!!

THE OGLEBYS SWING INTO ACTION...

... SLIDING DOWN THEIR FIRE POLE THROUGH THE SUN-ROOF OF AN '82 TOYOTA...

TIME TO LAY DOWN SOME RUBBER!

DON'T CLOSE THE ROOF YET!

BUT HAROLD DOESN'T HEAR WILLIAM....

... AND CHARGES ONTO THE CITY'S STREETS AT SPEEDS OF UP TO THIRTY MILES AN HOUR!

OPEN THE ROOF!

SO THOSE ARE YOUR LEGS NEXT TO ME...

ON THE WAY TO MENDELSON'S, WILLIAM IS ANNOYED AS USUAL BY HAROLD'S HABIT OF LISTENING TO SLIMY SEYMOUR, THE ABRASIVE HOST OF A RADIO CALL-IN SHOW.

NOW LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT, LADY... YOU'RE SAYING THAT YOU SAW KANGAROO SHOPLIFTERS POSING AS MOTHER KANGAROOS...

THAT'S RIGHT, THE BABIES IN THEIR POUCHES WERE ONLY PHONY HEADS, AND THEY WERE HIDING MERCHANDISE UNDER THEM...

WHY, THAT'S THE STUPIDEST...

WILL YOU TURN THAT JUNK OFF? WE'RE ON OUR WAY TO A JOB!

OH, ALL RIGHT...

THE OGLEBYS ARRIVE AT MENDELSON'S AND MAKE A FUTILE PASS AT TWO COSMETICS SALESWOMEN ON THEIR WAY TO BOOKKEEPING....



HIYA, SWEETIE!

FLAKE OFF, NERD!

HEY, SEXY, WHAT'S THE GOOD WORD?

WHY DON'T YOU SIT ON THIS LIPSTICK AND ROTATE?

THESE GUYS HAVE LESS CHANCE OF GETTING LAID THAN I DO.

ARRIVING AT THE STORE'S BOOKKEEPING OFFICE, THE OGLEBYS ARE IMMEDIATELY FACED WITH A CRISIS WITHIN THE CRISIS!



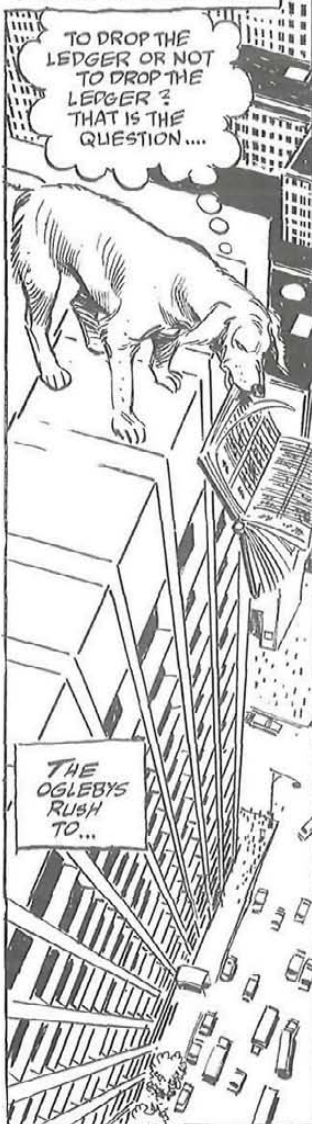
MR. MENDELSON'S DOG, SPOT, IS ON THE ROOF WITH OUR MAIN LEDGER!

WITHOUT THAT LEDGER, WE'RE LOST!

DON'T WORRY, WE'LL RETRIEVE IT.

GIVE IT HERE, BOY...

...WHILE ON THE ROOF...



TO DROP THE LEDGER OR NOT TO DROP THE LEDGER? THAT IS THE QUESTION....

THE OGLEBYS RUSH TO...

...TRANSFORM THEIR CAR INTO...



THOSE GUYS LOOK LIKE THEY'RE TURNING THEIR CAR INTO SOME KIND OF FLIGHT MACHINE! WHO ARE THEY?

STAND BACK! THIS IS AN ACCOUNTING EMERGENCY!

WILLIAM AND HAROLD OGLEBY, DON'T YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT ACCOUNTING?

...A TOYOTACOPTER!



HERE, BOY... WOULDN'T YOU RATHER HAVE A BISCUIT THAN THAT LEDGER?

SURE, I WOULD... LEAN OVER A LITTLE FURTHER, PUTZ.

THE PLOY WORKS...

... BUT WILLIAM
LOSES HIS FOOTING,...



LUCKILY, HIS PARACHUTE
WORKS PERFECTLY.



LONG INTO THE NIGHT, THE OGLEBYS
TOIL OVER MENDELSON'S BOOKS,
BUT CAN'T CRACK THE MYSTERY OF
THE BUSY STORE'S DEFICIT.
FINALLY, OUT OF BOREDOM AND
FRUSTRATION, WILLIAM TURNS
TO HIS BELOVED HOBBY--

VOYEURISM.



SO WOULD I,
EVEN IF IT INVOLVED
USING MY MOUTH.

YET NOT EVEN THE INCENTIVE OF IMPRESSING THE TWO COSMETICS
GIRLS IS ENOUGH TO SPUR THE OGLEBYS ON TO SUCCESS. BY MORNING,
THE DEFICIT HAS STILL NOT BEEN SOLVED AND AN ANGRY MR. MENDEL-
SON IS HELPING TO ESCORT THE BELEAGUERED ACCOUNTANTS OUT
OF THE STORE.



LOOK, SHIRLEY,
THEY'RE THROWING
THE NERDS OUT.

THEY WOULD HAVE
TO DRAG US RIGHT
THROUGH COSMETICS!

BUT SUDDENLY, WILLIAM'S SORDID RADIO-LISTENING HABITS SAVE THE DAY!

... AND RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF MENDELSON'S CHINA DEPARTMENT, THE KANGAROO SHOP-LIFTERS MENTIONED ON "THE SLIMY SEYMOUR SHOW" ARE PRACTICING THEIR DIABOLICAL CRAFT WHILE DECEIVING THE SALES STAFF INTO MISTAKING THEM FOR RESPECTABLE CUSTOMERS!



NOTHING CREATES A DEPARTMENT-STORE DEFICIT FASTER THAN ORGANIZED SHOPLIFTING!



YOU TAKE THE FITZ AND FLOYD. I'LL GRAB THE WEDGWOOD!

THERE ARE THOSE KANGAROOS WHO'RE ALWAYS SHOPPING FOR CHINA.

THEY MUST ENTERTAIN AT HOME QUITE OFTEN. YOU NEVER SEE KANGAROOS IN RESTAURANTS.

SALE \$25



THERE'S THE CAUSE OF YOUR DEFICIT, MR. MENDELSON-- KANGAROO SHOPLIFTERS! IT SHOULDN'T TAKE WILLIAM LONG TO BRING THEM DOWN WITH HIS TRANQUILIZER STAPLE GUN!

WHY, THEY'RE IN THIS STORE EVERY DAY! I THOUGHT WE SIMPLY HAD A BETTER SELECTION THAN BLOOMINGDALE'S, AUSTRALIA!

A WEEK LATER...



... THE KANGAROOS ARE INDICTED...

... AND I FURTHER DECREE THAT YOU NEVER ENTER MENDELSON'S AGAIN WITHOUT STOPPING TO HAVE YOUR POUCHES CLAMPED SHUT BY THE STORE'S SECURITY STAFF.



... WHILE THE COSMETICS GIRLS ATTEMPT TO REWARD HAROLD AND WILLIAM AT A NEARBY MOTEL....

HEY, YOU GUYS! WE'VE BEEN STANDING HERE FOR AN HOUR!

SORRY, MA'AM, BUT WE HAD NO IDEA THAT ANOTHER ACCOUNTING EMERGENCY WOULD ARISE THIS SOON.

THE END

THE LOST LIEBERMANS WHITE HEADSHRINKERS

of the AMAZON!

by David Feuer



June 5—Evening

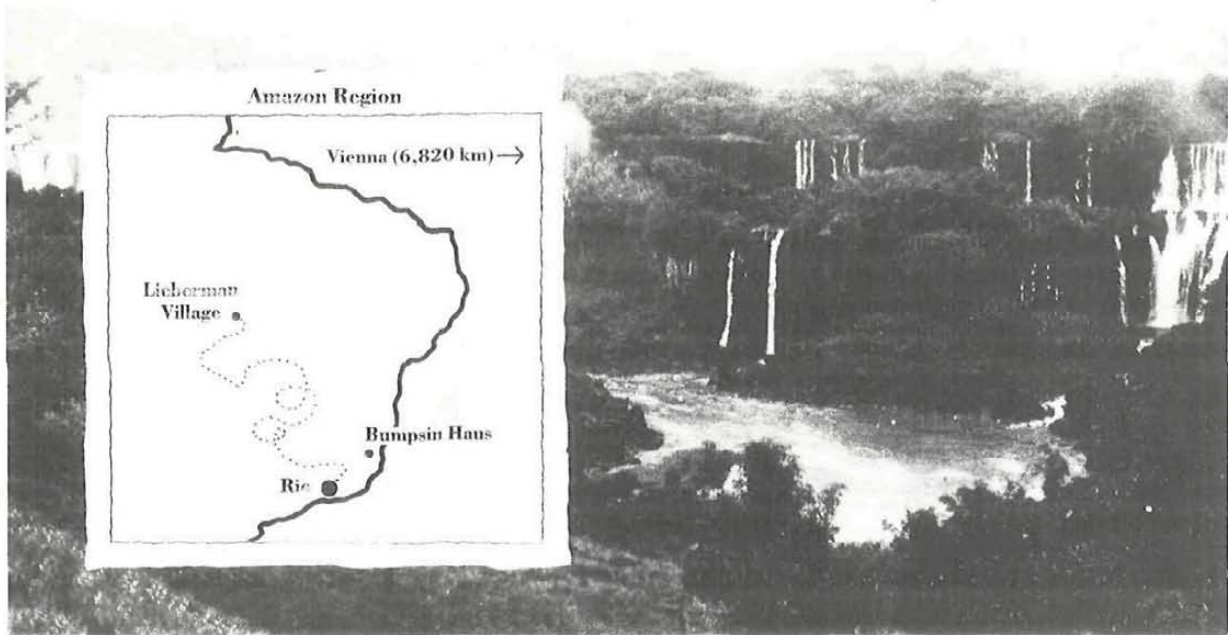
A clean shot to the ol' brainpan and the snarling big cat drops to the jungle floor. My Indian guide, Radu, is just about to take the jaguar's skin when suddenly Radu's face twists into a mask of fear. His hands shake as if with the chill of malaria. He fingers a discarded, still smoldering cigar butt and whispers the most dreaded word in all of Amazonia: "Leeba-mons!" The Liebermans. I've heard about this fabled tribe of white headshrinkers, feared by even the fiercest warriors of this remote region. Radu pleads that we return immediately to camp, but with jaguar pelts worth their weight in gold on the black market, no way am I about to let some local Indian fairy tale mess up my body count.

A manly "pep talk" fails to convince Radu to stick around, and he scampers off into the bush—taking my rifle with him! Well, no matter. I've gone mano a mano with this jungle before. In fact, I savor the challenge!

June 6—Morning

While taking a leak at the edge of my camp-

Prof. Dr. Otto Liebermann, proud chief of the Liebermans. The golden talisman in his vest pocket and the enormous cigar denote his royal status.



An ill-fated left turn—and so begins the Liebermans' meandering journey from Rio to the eventual site of their hidden village.

site, I suddenly find myself surrounded by at least twenty menacing "savages," the likes of which I've never seen before—white-skinned, elderly primitives, their wrinkled, sagging nakedness concealed only by their woolen waistcoats, wing-collar linen shirts, pleated tweed slacks, tan-and-brown spats, and beaver-collared morning coats. The sight of these strange Caucasians leaves little doubt that I have come face-to-face with the Lost Liebermans—white headshrinkers of the Amazon!

June 7

For more than a day we have been trekking through the steaming rain forest. My captors remain totally silent, as if waiting for me to speak first! Their blank expressions don't offer a clue as to what they are thinking. If these geriatric cases think that the silent treatment is going to break me, they are seriously mistaken. I am, however, getting a little curious about their intentions. "What are you going to do with me?" I finally blurt. "What do you think we are going to do with you?" one of my captors answers in an unmistakably German accent. I conceal my uneasiness by asking more questions. Who are they? Where are they taking me? "Who do you think we are?" "Where do you think we are taking you?" Every one of my questions is answered with another question. I decide not to play their sadistic little game, and I remain silent. The Liebermans become curiously excited. One of them mumbles something about my having a "punitive superego." Another makes some crack about me being a "passive-aggressive personality." When several Liebermans begin to chant the word "neurotic," I figure that

I'm done for. Surprisingly my captors seem elated.

June 8

We finally arrive at the Liebermans' hidden village—a cluster of dried peccary-dung huts that feels strangely reminiscent of *fin de siècle* Vienna. Dominating the center of the village is an ominous-looking altar—a couch, raised at one end and equipped with thick leather straps. I can't help but wonder whether this "couch" is merely ornamental!

My arrival has whipped the entire tribe into a wild euphoria. For some reason, the Liebermans consider me a great "prize." But why?

I am escorted to the hut where I am to be held prisoner.

June 9—Night

I am forced to attend a "symposium," or tribal gathering, during which the joyous Liebermans give thanks to their god Zig for delivering me to them. I witness a primitive ritual theater piece in which Lieberman "actors" crudely pantomime the significant events of their tribal history. I learn that the Liebermans were a delegation of Viennese psychoanalysts led by the eminent Prof. Dr. Otto Lieberman who, while attending a psychiatric convention in Rio de Janeiro at the turn of the century, became hopelessly lost as they attempted to locate a certain "Bumpsin Haus," or bordello, on the outskirts of town. Isolated from their colleagues and from the civilized world, this lost band of analysts continued to practice their sacred ritual of "psychoanalysis." However, without the benefit of patients (the Liebermans found the "schvartzes," or local indigenous Indians, to be unfortu-

nately free of "neurosis"), the Liebermans had resorted to a form of analytic cannibalism, subjecting each other to years of pointlessly painful insights and excruciating childhood memories. Some had even been driven into a frenzied state of "self-analysis."

Now the reason for the Liebermans' unbridled ecstasy at my arrival is clear. They have finally gotten themselves a patient!

June 10—Morning

Dawn. I am dragged from my hut by a band of excited cigar-chomping Liebermans and brought to The Couch, where I am strapped down and instructed (or rather, commanded!) to say "whatever comes into my head." Nothing I have ever endured at the hands of hostile primitives has prepared me for *this!* I'd sooner sit bare-assed on a red anvil than "share" my feelings with these overexcited octogenarians. But I realize that my only hope for survival is to win the favor of my captors. I begin "sharing."

My strategy doesn't seem to be working! My every utterance is greeted by my captors with agitated chin-rubbing gestures and rhythmic head-nodding, accompanied by an eerie "hmmmm"-like sound. After exactly one hour of this sadistic torture, I am suddenly told that "my time is up." At last, I think, a quick and merciful death! But no. Inexplicably, I am spared.

June 10—Afternoon

I am brought to a large, lavishly furnished hut where I am greeted by a distinguished-looking, rather charismatic Lieberman elder. Judging from the size of his cigar (fully twice the length of the oth-

ers), I realize that I am in the presence of the tribal chief, Prof. Dr. Otto Lieberman himself! After being briefed about my earlier interrogation, Prof. Dr. Lieberman excitedly declares me a "real case" and informs me that I will be privileged to undergo "analysis" with him personally! He assures me that in the end I will be "cured." I assure him that there is nothing wrong with me that a fifth of good bourbon wouldn't cure. He assures me that I am a "classic hysteric." I am taken back to my hut, where I am to remain until our first "session."

June 11

My first "session" with Prof. Dr. Lieberman. I am determined not to allow this wimpish witch doctor to get inside my head. Prof. Dr. Lieberman accuses me of being "resistant." He straps me down, and then he decides that a little "Nasen Kandi," or "nose candy," might help loosen my impacted psyche. This sacred Lieberman powder, believed to account for their extraordinary ability to "stay up," is delivered directly into my nasal cavity through a length of hollow bamboo, or "blow gun." It immediately induces in me a state of accelerated mental activity that Prof. Dr. Lieberman refers to as "überdreht," or "wired." This is followed by a trance-like state during which I "see" myself repeatedly attempting to stand a sausage-like object on its end in a bowl of cream sauce so that I can put it in the oven. Prof. Dr. Lieberman interprets this as a "cooking dream." This "analysis" is real mumbo jumbo. Still, that Nasen Kandi isn't half bad.

July 4

I am now getting along better with my captors, who choose to refer to themselves as my "analysts."

I am starting to acquire a rudimentary knowledge of the secret Lieberman language of "jargon"—no mean feat in a tongue where a simple phrase such as "counter-cathected introject of the maternal part-object imago" can mean either "please pass the apple strudel" or "your mother makes monkey-bumpsin." And there is always the danger of committing a potentially fatal "Lieberman slip," as I did yesterday, when I inadvertently said, "May I tickle your ass with a feather?" instead of "It's lovely weather."

The heavy Lieberman diet has become a problem for me. Their traditional staple, "flanken" (a gristly meat that tastes surprisingly like brisket), is impossible to digest. It's been nearly two weeks since I have taken a good dump, or "catharsis." Unfortunately, while the Liebermans have more than a hundred words for "anal retentive," there is no word for laxative.

August 20

I am beginning to understand that there

is more to this analysis thing than meets the eye. Another interesting "session" with Prof. Dr. Lieberman today. After another stiff jolt of Nasen Kandi, I see myself taken on a "journey" to the Lieberman "Secret Place of Wisdom." Once there, I join in a forbidden dance said to contain the true meaning of life. As if guided by some unseen force, I find myself putting my left foot in... putting my left foot out... putting my left foot in, and shaking it all about. I do the hokey-pokey and I turn myself around. In a blinding flash I realize—yes!—that's what it's all about!

When I return from my "trip," I find Prof. Dr. Lieberman with his eyes closed, and a "snoring" sound emanating from his open mouth. I angrily accuse him of sleeping, but he assures me that he is merely in a state of "subconsciousness." He suggests that we increase our sessions to twice a week.

September 8

I sense that a greater mutual trust and respect have developed. While the Liebermans have not as yet offered me a cigar (their symbol of acceptance), I have been given a tribal name, "Kleiner Mann mit

grosse Neurose" (Little Man with Big Neurosis), and I am encouraged to participate in certain activities of Lieberman daily life. Today, for the first time, I was allowed to join in the popular Lieberman sport of Penis Envy, a highly competitive game in which a Lieberman warrior measures his manhood against that of another tribal member. I am considered a heavy "Unter Hund," or underdog, in this event. (I have to remember to discuss this with Prof. Dr. Lieberman in our next session.)

Despite their rigid adherence to tradition, the Liebermans now seem a bit more open to certain new ideas. My suggestion that they cut their sessions from an hour to fifty minutes led to a joyous celebration during which I was hailed as an "Übermensch" (or genius). On the other hand, my suggestion that they narrow the lapels of their waistcoats was greeted with revulsion and hostility! I realize now that the Liebermans were right to be angry. Even a subtle alteration like that can damage the fragile fabric of their culture.

November 15

Today is a red-letter day in my analysis



A Lieberman warrior in full ceremonial garb. Note the upper lip adorned with tufts of human hair! Was this Lieberman about to attack, or was he merely taking the customary morning constitutional?

with Prof. Dr. Lieberman. A healthy snort of Nasen Kandi (easier, now that I no longer have a nasal septum) and I suddenly remember walking in on my parents having sex when I was five. Prof. Dr. Lieberman assures me that they were only wrestling. I feel relieved.

I continue to be awed by the professor's gift for insight. We are presently working in my analysis on liberating "Bev," my repressed "feminine self." We seem to be making progress. I haven't felt the urge to kill anything in days. I now see the jungle creatures as my friends, and I don't need to blow their heads off just to "please Dad" anymore. Today, for the first time, Prof. Dr. Lieberman allowed me to call him "Otto," and he has loosened the straps on my couch. I feel that our relationship is now close—but, alas, still no cigar! No matter. Otto really seemed to enjoy that anteater casserole I made him. I can't wait to see his face when he gets that pillowcase with his name needlepointed on it! Otto has suggested that we begin to meet three times a week.

February 3

My constipation has grown worse. Otto believes it is "all in my head." The tribal shaman is convinced it is the result of sorcery. I still think it's that flanken. The shaman has made a sacrificial offering to the "High Colonic" god of regularity on my behalf. So far, no luck.

March 20

A close brush with disaster today! It seems that not all the Liebermans are above petty jealousy! My very special relationship with Prof. Dr. Lieberman (I am *obviously* his favorite) has caused a warrior named Little Vantz to challenge me to a diagnostic duel. Despite being seriously overmatched, I accept his challenge. In a remote jungle clearing, my tormentor hurls dozens of sharply barbed interpretations at me in an attempt to inflict emotional scarring. I am called everything from a peccary-head to a guano sniffer. Fortunately, I manage to ward off his attack by invoking the sacred "I'm rubber, you're glue..." chant, and I finish my opponent

off with the powerful "Sticks and stones may break my bones..." incantation.

June 3

It has been nearly a year since I first entered this hidden world of the Lost Liebermans. Now, as I watch a handful of my new friends playfully blowing cigar smoke in each other's faces, I am gripped by a deep sense of melancholy. I know that their traditional way of life may soon become extinct—not so much from the destruction of the rain forest as from the ever-tightening encroachment of fad therapies such as encounter groups, primal therapy, and Dianetics (against which these Liebermans have no natural immunity). Already there is word of a serious outbreak of est in a neighboring village. Clearly, the Liebermans' days are numbered. Maybe this is why they have entrusted me with their secrets of analysis. Perhaps it is my destiny to be the disciple of this lost ritual.

June 20

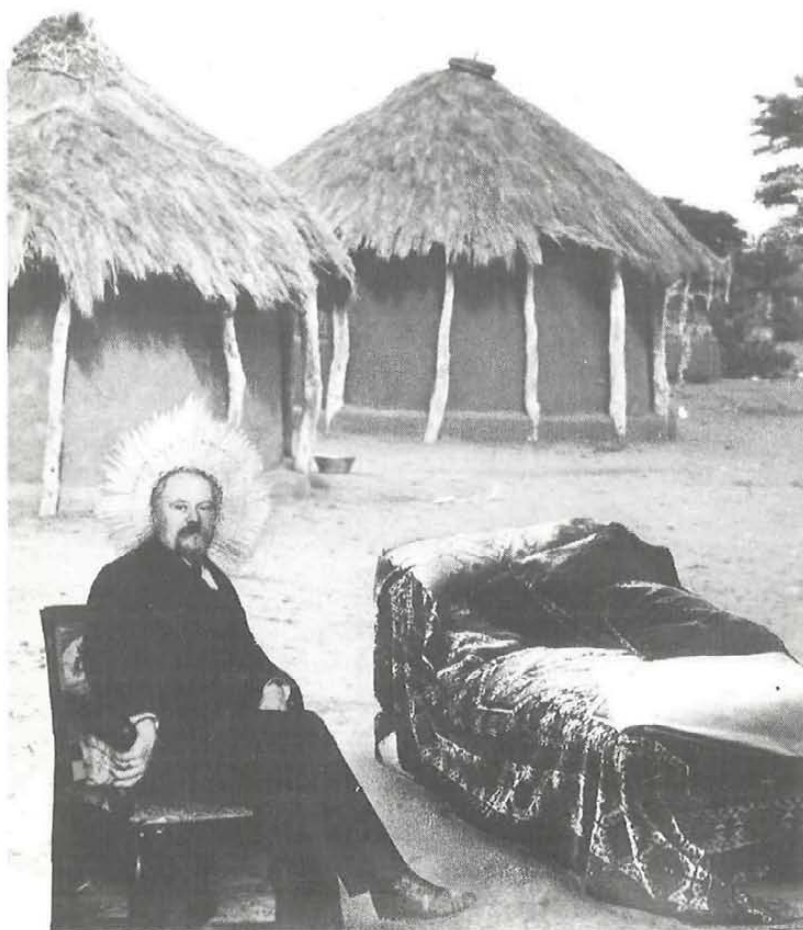
The final breakthrough in my analysis came today when I was able to accept that "Bev" is not just a part of me, but rather that I *am* Bev. The revelation that I am actually a woman has made a new man of me. When Prof. Dr. Lieberman tells me that my analysis is now complete, I excitedly expect him to hand me a cigar. When this is not forthcoming I comfort myself with the old bromide that "sometimes a cigar is just a cigar."

I have learned a great deal about the Lost Liebermans' ritual of analysis, yet there is one final deadly detail I am only now just about to learn. Prof. Dr. Lieberman informs me that the Liebermans customarily terminate a successful analysis by physically shrinking the head of the "cured" patient. Frantically, I tell Prof. Dr. Lieberman that there are still some important issues I'd like to work on in analysis. And there's a fascinating new dream I had last night. He doesn't buy it. I am doomed!

July 4

It is the night before my head is scheduled to be turned into a totem. I can't sleep. Suddenly Prof. Dr. Lieberman slips into my hut. In a final act of kindness, he has come to help me escape.

Through the night my mentor and I hack our way through the dense labyrinth of rain forest, until at dawn we finally arrive at the very edge of the "Lieberman world." There, avoiding eye contact, we shake hands briefly. Slowly, I begin to walk away, back toward my own world. Suddenly Prof. Dr. Lieberman calls to me, "Kleiner Mann mit Grosse Einsicht," Little Man with Big Insight. I turn. In Otto's hand is a cigar, not so big as his own, but a cigar nonetheless. As he hands it to me and lights me up, his rheumy eyes silently speak the words I have longed to hear. "Du bist ein Lieberman." ■



A Lieberman "analyst" positions himself beside the sacred "couch" upon which I am made to endure the complex ritual of "psychoanalysis."



NOT FOR THE TIMID!

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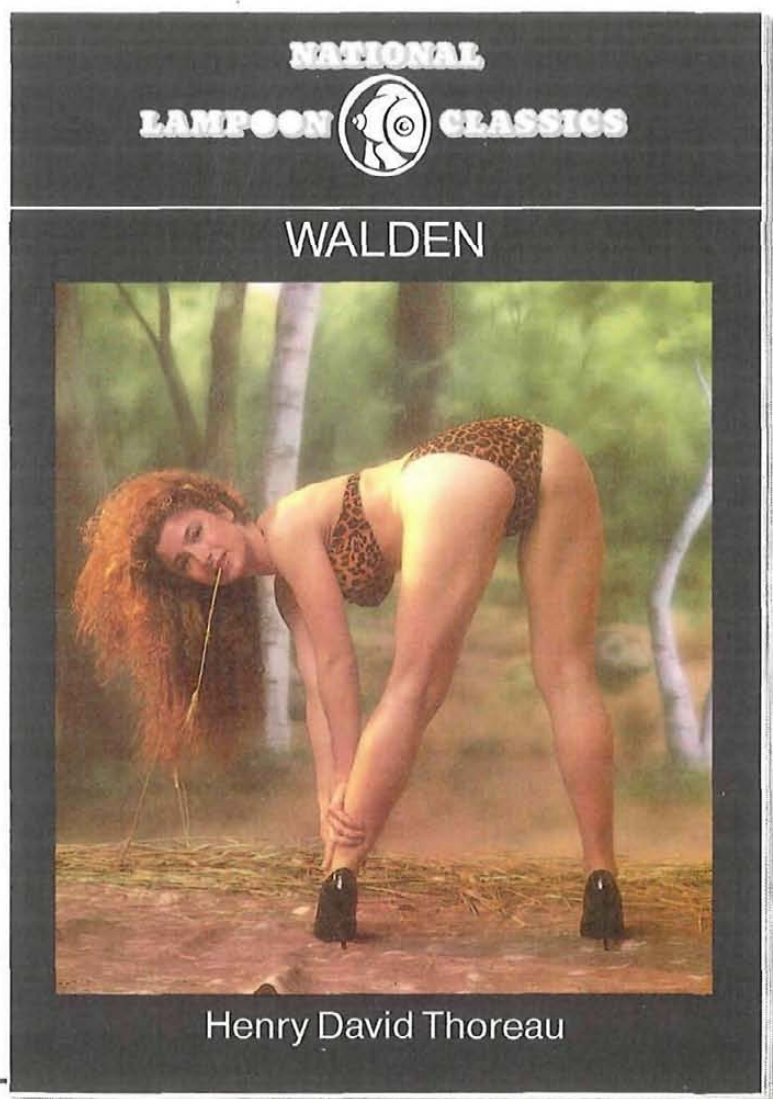
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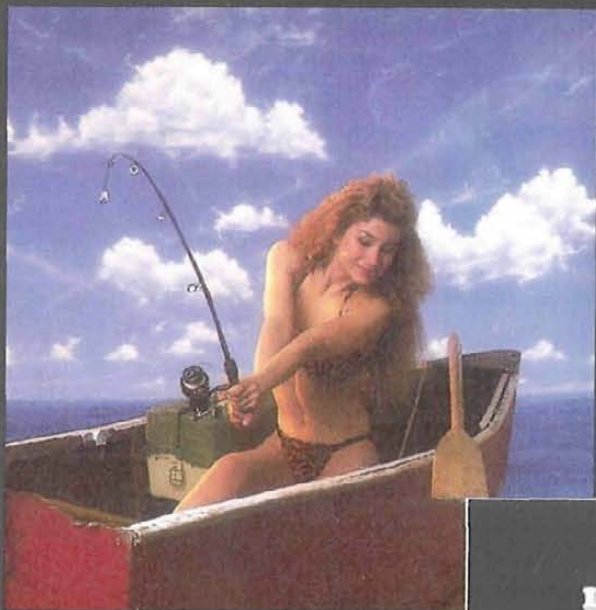
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Photographed by Joe Peoples

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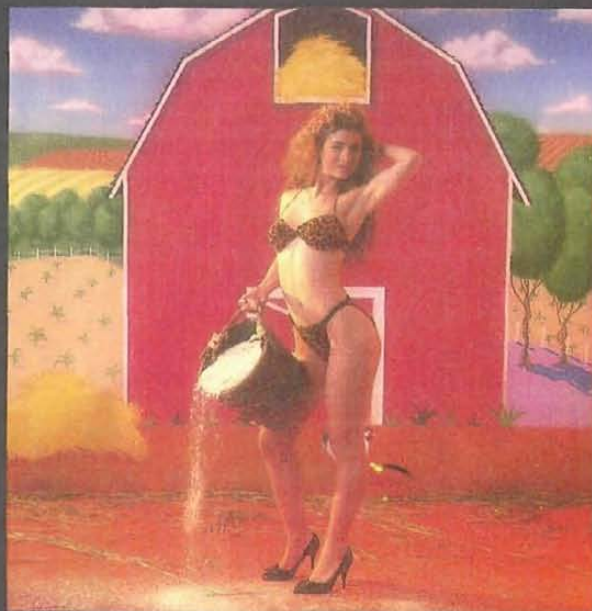
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IDIOT TEENS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49)

RINGO

Have you ever had a vision that became real? It happens in slow-motion, like the totally kick-ass eyeball-purée montage in my favorite film, *Satan's Nightmare*, about this dream the devil has that's too gross even for him. In walks Tommy Flanagan, cleat-impaired ball holder for the Brookhaven Tigers, in full uniform including helmet. The crowd goes nuts. Our own Scalpers grab him and bind him in duct tape. He screams. The gasoline is brought out. The matches are lit. To me that image will always remain frozen: a great moment in my personal obsession with mass hysteria. Even if I'd wanted to save him, I was powerless against my own primal desire to see him burn.

Of course, I was still a freshman. Pete and the others were sophomores, so I guess they had more self-control. Even so, I'd bet money that Pete had a hard time making himself end it. But he did—just when the crowd had become so completely engorged with blood lust that they were practically pulling out their own hair and having animal sex with each other on the ice-cold metal bleachers. Pete stepped out in front of the pyre and began talking like a vintage-movie witch doctor.

"Stop!" he screamed. The crowd went silent. "I Pete; these Sinbad, Paul, and Ringo." This was before we had a collective name. Then the three of us came out wearing our dads' bathrobes and black watch caps. We folded our arms across our chests. Pete said, "In our hands is life-and-death power. Living effigy-man cleansed and dressed for most sacred ritual purifying fire. Our lackeys be most prepared with butane fire-making devices. Yet we no burn living effigy-man on this night."

The crowd went crazy—for a second it was pretty touch and go, like they might even burn *us*, which could have been cool in a sort of teen-martyr sense, although at the time I could only think of the pain it would cause. "Silence!" Pete shouted. The crowd silenced, wanting to see what came next. "It too easy to burn living effigy-man. Yet we piss mercy on him. We prove that we are the stronger. *We*, the Cardinal Ed Clark High Scalpers, are the stronger. Effigy-man, come." Tommy kind of stumbled down the elephant-sized pile of gas-soaked logs. "Kneel before us." He took off his helmet and knelt, assuming the traditional Brookhaven pregame prayer posture. "Return to most primitive suburban learning center and tell of all that has happened. Tell of this night. And most of all, tell of the mercy that has been pissed on you here on these sacred playing fields. But

know well, effigy-man, this mercy will not be vouchsafed here tomorrow when Scalpers take on your puny doll jocks." (Pete must have looked up "vouchsafed," I thought.)

The crowd screamed its approval as Tommy, the simpleminded, cleat-impaired boy, sobbed at our feet. Finally, Pete spoke again. "Begone, effigy-man. Return with your messages." Tommy scampered off into the darkness as Pete turned to face the crowd. "My people, your mercy does not go unnoticed. Nor does it go unrewarded. Let it be decreed that tonight... we shall celebrate our imminent victory with the greatest display of lawn jobs Brookhaven has ever known! Participants, start your engines!"

PAUL

It was truly beautiful, Beryl. High school losers were driving with high school winners, jocks with nerds, sluts with cheerleaders—all of them bonded in the singleminded pursuit of complete suburban-lawn destruction. The car caravan from Jerry's Corners was like some kind of shimmering metal river as our many classmates poured into Brookhaven for a long night of ritual vandalism. At least that's what we heard. The Idiot Teens quietly retreated to the Emperor's Suite for cocktails, quiet conversation, and a toast or two to our first major accomplishment.

PETE

The important thing to see about the Great Living Effigy Caper is not the chewed-up lawns or the alleged abuse inflicted on a cleat-impaired boy. To me, it will always serve as the first true Idiot Teen adventure. By acting out, Beryl, we achieved a kind of self-fulfillment. And I

think we learned a lot of important lessons about ourselves, and about leaving the scene of an event without being personally implicated.

I hasten to point out that the Clark High Scalpers won that game the following night despite the traditional Scalper game plan of complete and total incompetence. I like to think that the Idiot Teens had something to do with that, although a lot of people who were actually at the pep rally will to this day deny what happened. To us, Beryl, those are the people we have to reach—the suppressed and uptight teens of this world.

BERYL

Whether because of their initial bonding on the Student Pep Committee or because of larger forces—or simply because they needed an excuse—the Idiot Teens from the beginning conceived themselves in terms of a mission. And since the staged sacrifices or slayings of actual students from the nearby suburb of Brookhaven are a recurring motif in Idiot Teen lore (recall the Brookhaven Prom Human Sacrifice, or the enactment of the short story "The Most Dangerous Game" as a class assignment), it may be inferred that the mission is one of class antagonism: rural versus suburb, small school versus large, etc. With this theory in mind, I assumed these tales were exaggerated for the purpose of folk allegory, though testimonials from eyewitnesses claimed the contrary.

Nonetheless, as with all oral history, the actual events can only be recorded subjectively. But it is this folklorist's contention that in a close-knit community such as this, the subjective view is the true one, and that within the universe of Jerry's Corners, New York, gods and heroes live, breathe, and dry-heave just as surely as you or I. ■



The folklorist as waitress: "May I take your oral history?"

EDITORIAL

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6)

he wanted so bad, the hot blond with the coke habit. They could have bought season tickets to every major-league baseball team, or AZT for two (there's a song in that, Harvey Fierstein!). They wouldn't have the pride and joy of a child in college, but then, they wouldn't need it, because they could use the money to be rhinoplastically revamped and go on vacations and meet swingers half their age and revitalize their marriage.

Even a compromise would be lucrative: if your mother had gone on a couple of tequila benders when she was pregnant, or dropped you so that your head just nicked the bedpost and your IQ was lowered, say, fifteen points, you could have gone to a perfectly fine, low-profile state or agricultural college and saved them a total of \$60,000 to \$80,000. That way, their "child-in-college" dream could be fulfilled and there'd be enough leftover money to join a country club and brag about you.

But by all means, go to college. Education is the future of the world, and will keep America America, the greatest nation in the world. It's the nations with low college enrollment in which people sleep on ant-hills and eat gravel and maybe powdered cheese if the plane comes and are ruled by vicious imperialists and have twenty kids but only four live to age eight and have one thirty-five-year-old car per village and that's the mayor's and have no bras and thousands of toxic insects nosing them while they sleep, and in fact the only thing they have to live for is when thousands of them are allowed to gather around the region's black-and-white Philco to watch a lopsided Super Bowl or the Academy Awards. So absolutely, compared to the alternatives, going to college is a pretty good thing to do.



Dave Hanson

DOUBLEHEADER

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40)

about brotherhood, Lou Gehrig, and fightin' Communism—when the phone rings.

Sallyboy hung himself with a necktie while Al slept. Left a note.

*Who dies now anywhere in the world,
without cause dies in the world,
looks at me.*

We forfeit.

Everybody, even King Kong and Speilman, attends the funeral, where Mastrelli of all people starts blubberin' so bad he has to be carted outside. Tippi designs black armbands for the team (even though everybody remembers Sally as a raggy sorehead). Al's out of the hospital by Wednesday, and everybody kids him about how he'll lead the league in base stealin' now that he's got sole possession of the kidney.

But I ain't so sure.

When Al comes up he gets a standin' ovation, but everybody shuts up when he swings, 'cause it's like a cleanin' woman beatin' on an iron rug with a foam-rubber broomstick. He grounds into a double play. Even though he's quicker, Al's lost his power and starts punchin' at the ball. And he whispers to himself all the time.

We drop six more. Tippi leaves for the rain forest. Pepe gets called up to Albany. One day Al just don't show up, and nobody asks why. I stick Puddles Peyer in right, and the fans—what's left of 'em—don't seem to notice. We lose ten of fourteen. I prop a coffee cup against my chin—in memory o' Tippi—and sleep through September.

Last I heard, Al's on one o' them radio call-in shows back in Omaha. Don't play ball no more.

But that's okay. Lately I been thinkin'. Ball ain't dung, but neither are the off days.

Know what I did? Threw away Al's records. Pitched out the whole season's books. Someday they're gonna open the Stumper's time capsule and all they'll find for this year—in with the records of Big John Mize, Whitey, and the Mick—is a poetry book stained with wine. Fuckinay. ■

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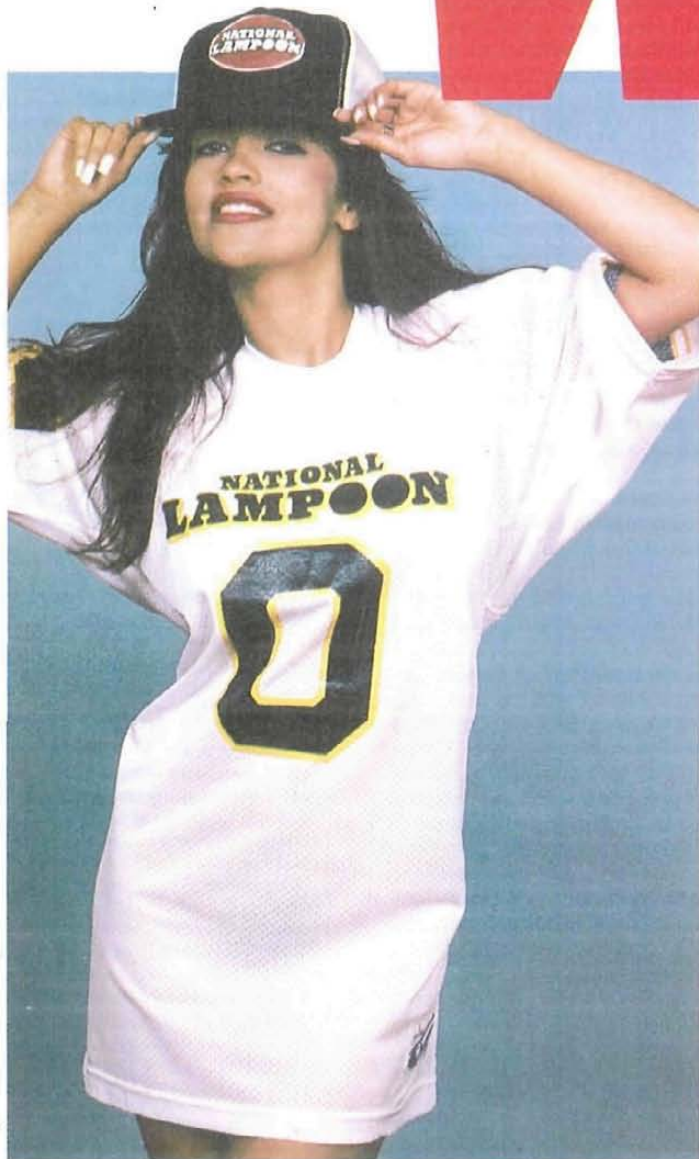
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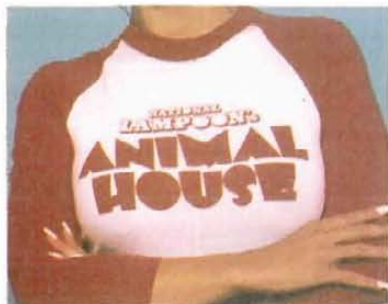
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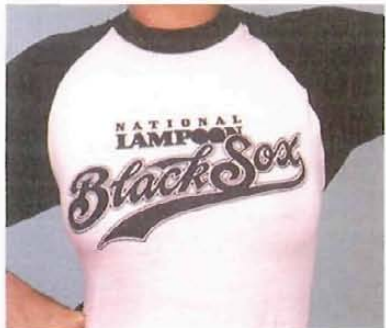
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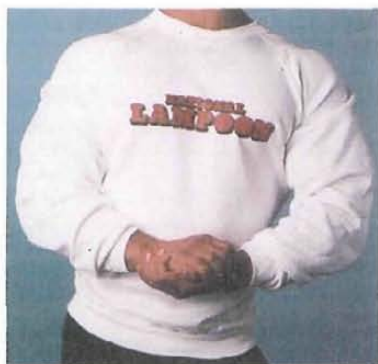
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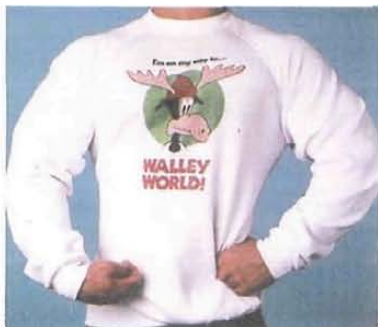
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US OUT

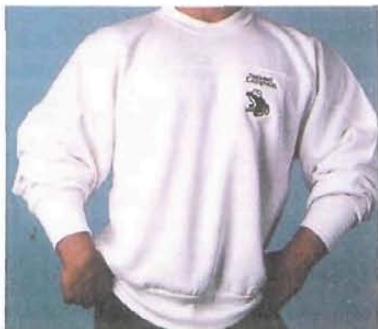
heads, and they *still* look great! Never before has anything so hot been so comfortable.



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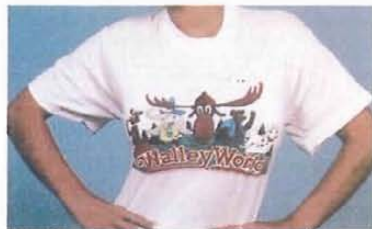
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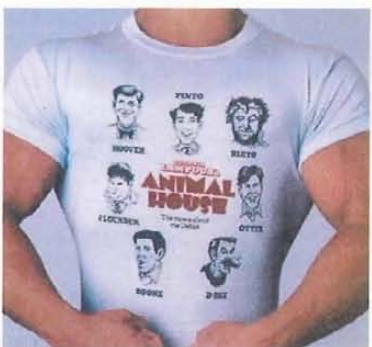


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—San Francisco Chronicle

(B) MANCHESTER, IOWA — To deter wandering in the halls, authorities at West Delaware High School required each student on his way to the bathroom to wear a toilet seat around his neck.
—Washington Post

(C) After an eighteen-month study, the British Academy of Science recommended to Parliament that British rock stars be prohibited from selling their semen to commercial sperm banks.
—UMKC University News

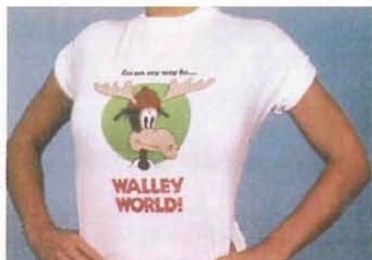
(D) A local citizen was arrested and charged with public indecency after he allegedly was observed placing his male organ in a jar of slaw dressing at the local supermarket
—Downers Grove (Illinois) Reporter



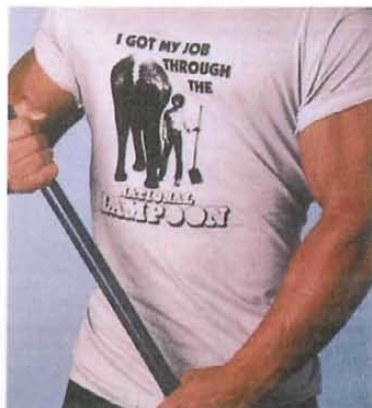
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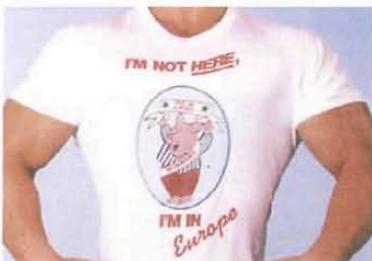
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MAND WAT

He's out!
He's primed!
HE'S READY
TO PARTY!

Compiled from various wire service reports by Kent Jones and Guy Nicolucci:

February 11, 1990—After spending twenty-seven years in various South African jails, **Nelson Mandela** finally wins his freedom. At a press conference at Cape Town's City Hall, he tells the assembled world press: "Politics is a drag. I just want to lam-bada." Says his only immediate plans are to hit **Sun City**. When asked if

he's going in order to break down racial barriers, he says, "Nah, I want to catch **Sinatra**."

Lands at JFK. **Milton Berle** makes him honorary member of the **Friars Club**.

Goes on *The Arsenio Hall Show* and

blasts **Public Enemy**, calling them a bunch of "no-account, can't-sing, mouthy goons who aren't fit to carry **Hoagy Carmichael's** jockstrap." He then drops trousers and tells them if they don't like it they can "kiss my big black behind." This becomes a national catch phrase; children chant it on playgrounds and it's printed on millions of T-shirts. **George Bush** tells Congress, "You can kiss my big black you-know-what!"

Addresses the **United Nations** on his obligations to blacks in South Africa. "My obligations to them? Sheeeeeeit. Five black men for every one white man, and I'm in the joint twenty-seven years. Sheeeeeeit. If they couldn't get me out of jail, those chuckleheads couldn't get the jelly out of a doughnut. Let them do something for themselves. I'm studying



ELA C H

AP/Wide World



for the real-estate exam." And then, in what is becoming a trademark gesture, Mandela lowers his trousers and yells, "You can kiss my big black behind."

Starts club-hopping with **Jay McInerney**. Tells *New York Post* columnist **Suzy**: "*Bright Lights, Big City* is the book that spoke to me when I was doing my time. It's like, you never think a guy like you is going to end up in a cell like this..." He is later spotted at **Nell's** with **Bret Easton Ellis**, snorting lines and lying to models.

Goes on *The Oprah Winfrey Show*. When she asks how the death of **Martin Luther King** affected him

he says, "It was a damn shame, but when **Lynyrd Skynyrd** went down, *that was a bitch.*" Mandela then sings three choruses of "Free Bird" to the incredulous studio audience. After the show, he boasts of having seduced Winfrey "from behind. The way she likes it." The increasingly prankish Mandela then laughs and sniffs his finger.

The *Entertainment Tonight* "Insider" reports that Mandela has been seen cheating on Winnie with **Springsteen** steady **Patti Scialfa**. Mandela comments, "I just took a number."

Appears on the *Today* show. Hits heavily on **Deborah Norville**. "You're a damned attractive woman, Deborah. Anyone ever told you that?" Spills drink, calls **Bryant Gumbel** "Fat Boy."

Goes backstage after **Whitney Houston** concert. "I've been saving it up for you," a leering Mandela says, grabbing his crotch. Houston's body-guard flattens Mandela, who tells the press: "She couldn't have handled it anyhow. Skinny wannabe-white bitch."

According to **Liz Smith**, "Wherever the aging jet-setter goes, parties just seem to happen. But he never picks up the check. 'Hell, I've been in the can twenty-seven years. I paid all my bills,' Mandela says."

Visits **James Brown** in prison. Tells him: "That's a mighty fine-looking wife you got there. Lonely, too." Mandela then reportedly begins laughing hysterically while Brown

shouts threats and has to be subdued by a guard.

Tells wee auteur **Spike Lee**: "Quit your whining and get me a drink, boy."



Tales from **Spago**: Discusses doing miniseries of his life with **James Earl Jones**. "Drop some pounds if you want the part, Jimbo," the cantankerous septuagenarian tells Jones over generous portions of fettuccine.

Is seen huddling at a corner table with **Judd Nelson**. **Molly Ringwald**'s name is overheard. Judd and Nel reportedly whoop it up and sniff their fingers.

Does **Gap** ad, sporting Gap T-shirt and high-top fade hairdo with "N.M." carved into the back.

Checks into the **Betty Ford Center** after a solid year of partying. Announces he will write a book and work on his tan. ■



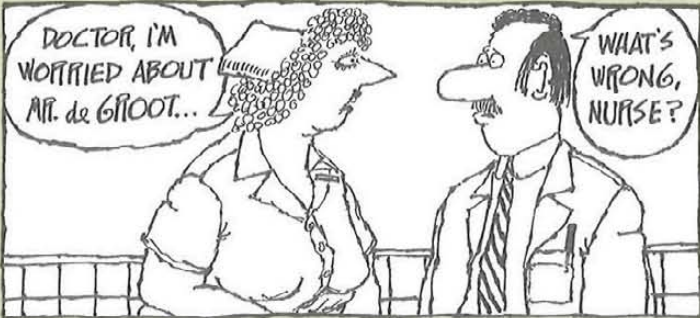
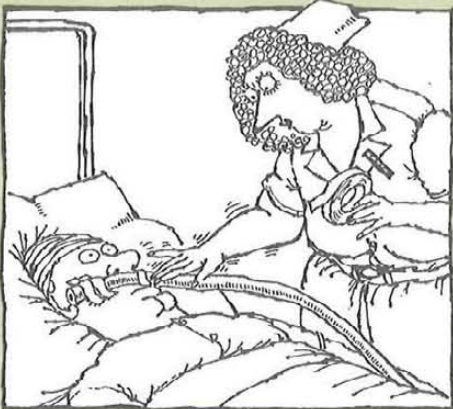


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Jeffrey Julian DeMarco



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THE APPLETONS



2:00AM
IN THE STILL OF THE NIGHT, THE APPLETONS SLEEP PEACEFULLY AS AN INTRUDER ENTERS ...



... THE FIGURE APPROACHES THE BED SILENTLY ...



... A FLASHLIGHT BEAM AWAKENS MR. APPLETON - WHO SCREAMS OUT.



AAAAH!
TAKE MY MONEY,
IT'S YOURS!



BUT LO AND BEHOLD, IT'S GRANDMA AND GRANDPA APPLETON!

I'LL TAKE YOUR MONEY!
HA-HA! IT'S JUST US!

CLICK!

WE WERE IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD AND THOUGHT WE'D STOP BY - HOPE WE'RE NOT DISTURBING YOU!

HI!



OH MY HEAVENS, HONEY, LOOK! IT'S MOM AND DAD!

I DON'T BELIEVE IT.

C'MON, WE'LL BREAK OUT THE CARDS, AND PA, YOU BREAK OUT THE BURGERS!



BURGERS! HOW NICE! LOOK, HONEY!

SURE - CAN'T PLAY POKER WITHOUT CHOW, CAN WE?

OH DAMN! THE BAG BROKE!



HERE, I'LL CLEAN IT UP.

Hi, KIDS!

MOM, DAD, WHAT HAPPENED? WE HEARD A SCREAM!



C'MON, KIDS, SCRAPE SOME FOOD UP OFF THE BLANKET AND JOIN IN.

CAN WE, MOM?

YES, I SUPPOSE.



LATER!

OKAY, TWOS, THREES, AND ONE-EYED JACKS ARE WILD - DID YOU ANTE, NORRMY?

UH-HUH.

KIDS, THAT'S ENOUGH FOR NOW. GO TO BED.



HOURS HAPPILY PASS AS THE FAMILY PLAYS TILL DAWN.

OKAY - NORM, YOU OWE \$43.75!

BOY, THIS WASN'T MY LUCKY NIGHT!

I'LL SAY! WELL, WE'VE GOT TO GO. SAY GOOD NIGHT TO HELEN, DEAR.

NIGHT!

WE'LL SEE OURSELVES OUT.



ALONE AT LAST!

WASN'T THAT A SURPRISE! WOW!

NORM, I'VE GOT TO GET UP IN HALF AN HOUR - BUT WE REALLY NEED TO HAVE A TALK IN THE MORNING.

OKAYDEE, HONEY BLIN, GOOD NIGHT!



THEN...

MOM, DAD, WE CAN'T SLEEP! GRANDMA SQUIRTED US WITH A SQUIRT GUN ON THE WAY OUT. WE'RE ALL WET!

CLICK!

© 1990 B.K. Taylor

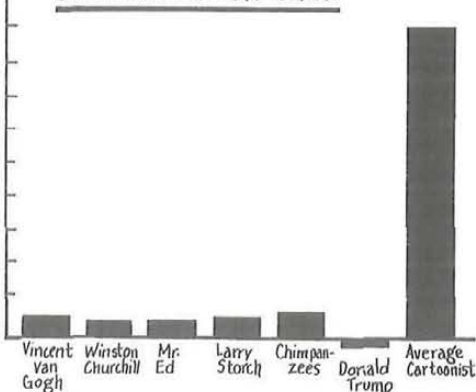


DRAW CARTOONS

You know it's true! What does every kid dream of growing up to be? A **cartoonist!** And who can blame 'im? It's a great life! Fast cars, plenty of dough, and **babes!** If ya don't believe me, see for yourself!



BRAIN COMPARISON CHART

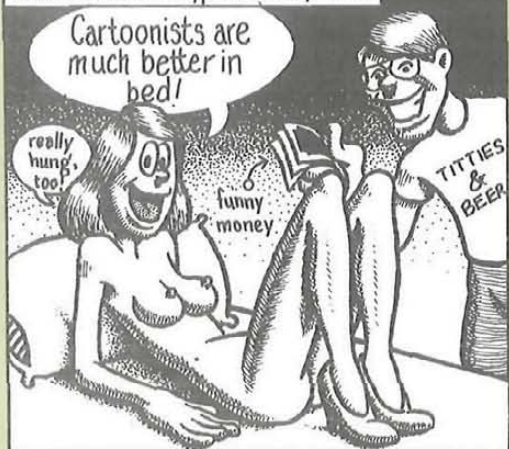


A cartoonist's superior intellect is undisputable!



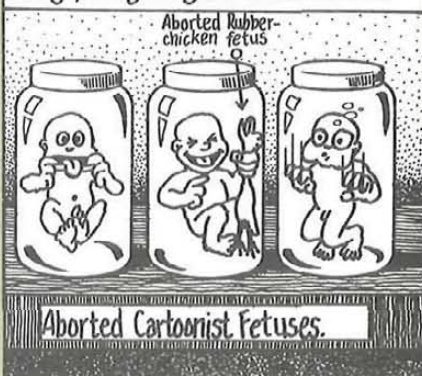
Einstein turned to physics as a last resort after failing miserably as a cartoonist!

Gussie Schwartz, prostitute, sez...

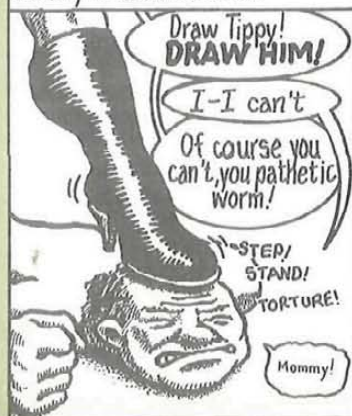


The popularity of cartoonists among teenage girls is well publicized.

Throughout WWII, Hitler's top scientists were trying to create a race of super-beings, using the genes of cartoonists!



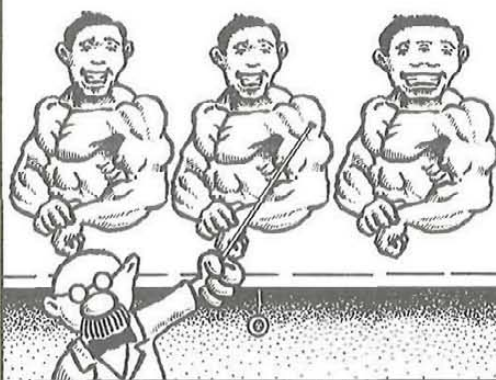
Automotive giant Henry Ford spent a lifetime agonizing over his inability to draw cartoons.



Will Elder

Robt. Crumb

A.F. Hanford



Most cartoonists are ideal physical specimens, and, amazingly, do not age!

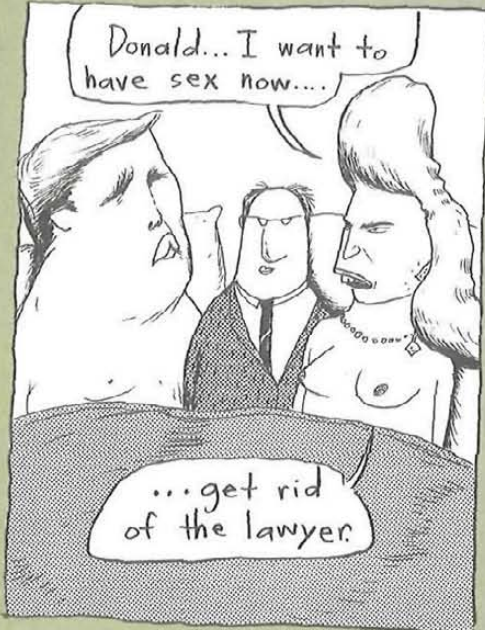
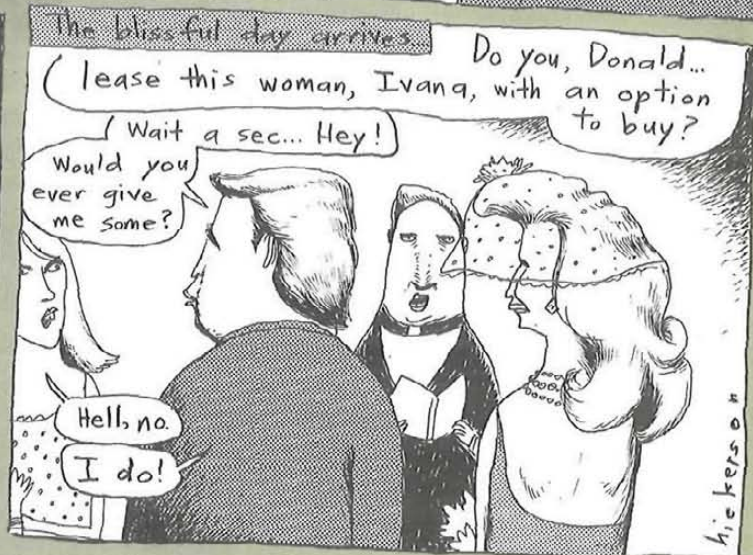
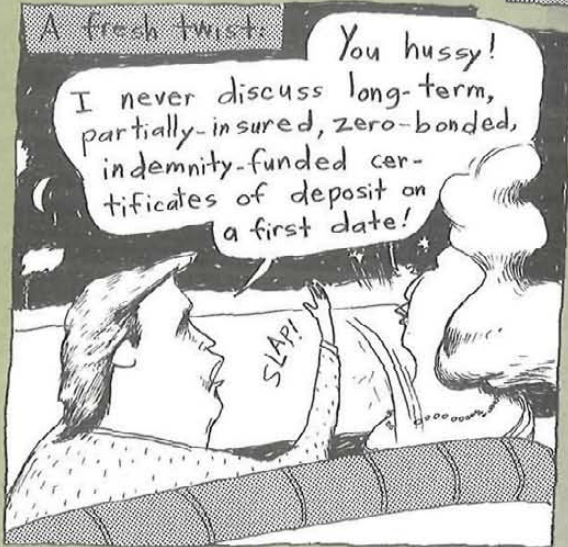
So, if you weren't lucky enough to have been born a cartoonist, don't fret! Lots of people have frittered their lives away as doctors, bankers, and Peace Corps volunteers!

(Note: Reasonably attractive women, 18-35, who believe any or all of the facts represented here may write to me at this publication. Be sure to include a photo & references!)

BY A. F. HANFORD

Donald and Ivana: A Love Story

by Buddy Hickerson



Two Sandals on Me

ONE OUT OF EVERY THREE WOMEN WILL BE ATTACKED AND RAPED IN HER LIFETIME...
SO WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO IF YOU'RE THE ONE?
TRY TO RELAX AND ENJOY IT?

OH, MAN!... YOU'VE REALLY BOUGHT THE MALE LINE, HAVEN'T YOU? I DON'T THINK TOO MANY OF THE MEN WHO TELL WOMEN TO ENJOY BEING RAPED WOULD BE ABLE TO DO THAT IF THEY WERE ON THEIR HANDS AND KNEES IN FRONT OF SIX BIG, HORNY CONVICTS IN THE PRISON SHOWER.
OH, YUCK.

THEY'D FIGHT BACK... AND SO SHOULD YOU!
BUT I'M LITTLE AND WEAK AND I DON'T HAVE A BLACK BELT IN KARATE LIKE YOU.

KARATE'S FINE FOR BREAKING BRICKS, BUT IT DOESN'T PREPARE YOU FOR AN ALL-OUT, DOWN-AND-DIRTY BATTLE WITH A DRUG-CRAZED CREEP. I WANT YOU TO COME TO MY WOMEN'S POWER SURGE CLASS.

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women's power surge class

HERE WE BOND TOGETHER TO SUPPORT EACH OTHER'S BATTLE AGAINST REPRESSIVE MALE VIOLENCE.

WE PRACTICE BEATING UP A LIVE DUDE IN A PADDED SUIT WHO PRETENDS TO ATTACK US.

THEN WE BITE HIM!
AND POKE HIS EYES OUT!
GO, PEPSI! GET HIM!!
YEAH!!
AND KICK HIM IN THE NUTS!

SEE? IT'S EASY! HOLD YOUR HANDS LIKE THIS AND BREATHE FROM YOUR POWER SPOT.

HEY!

GOOD KNOCKOUT FORM, BONNIE!
ONLY THAT WAS THE INSTRUCTOR TRYING TO GIVE YOU A WELCOMING HUG.
A WOMAN'S PLACE IS MOPPING UP THE STREETS.

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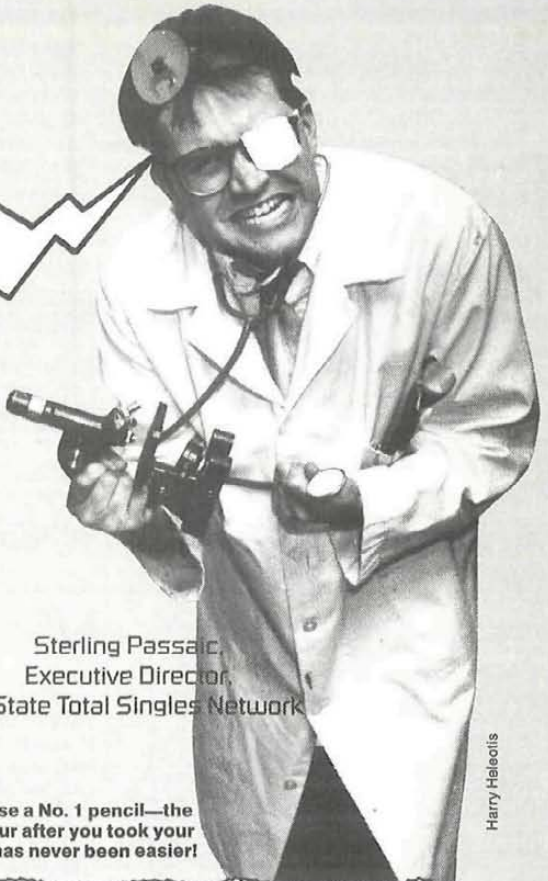


THE PERSONALS

Welcome to 23rd-century matchmaking!
The Tri-State Total Singles Network is proud to announce that we're the only personals column in the tri-state area to employ genetic engineering in our tireless quest to furnish you with your perfect LifeMate™! Introducing GenetiTinker LoveMates™!

Only WE can guarantee you sinewy, aquiline-featured, obedient, cheerful, plank-bellied, custom-pigmented dates with the endowments you've always dreamed of, and who'll pass away before they get too old to be sexy! And we can custom-manufacture them with a marriage-inclination gene, a diaphragm-equipped one-night-stand gene, a paravixen monkey-woman gene, or a thoughtful-and-sensitive, doesn't-care-about-sex, "just-friends" gene. And one more thing—our DateMates™ are engineered with only HIV-negative chromosomes, so you'll never have to wear a condom unless you like the way they look and feel! Of course, GenetiTinker LoveMates™ cost a little more, but isn't a future full of love and a bed full of euphoric porking worth it? Aren't you worth it?!

Sterling Passaic,
Executive Director,
Tri-State Total Singles Network



Harry Helicolis

Pick 27 of the following chromosomal traits and watch your dreams come true! Use a No. 1 pencil—the one that's been gathering dust since it was shunted aside like a Lyme-diseased cur after you took your SATs—and block in the appropriate boxes. Finding the LifeMateOfYourDreams™ has never been easier!

- Goiters for hooters Loves board games A prostate the size of a kickball, and it's got your name written all over it Breath like Jonestown
- A knack for math Pasty spit gathers in mouth corners while talking Big, sexy pancreas A nose for news An eye for the ladies
- A head for business A hand in the outcome A face for the '90s A mouth like a sewer A body that just won't quit A penchant for the bizarre
- A flair for fashion A heart like a wheel A sweet tooth The touch of a sturgeon An ear for dialogue Shit for brains A hollow leg
- Hourglass figure Ballpark figure The effluvia of the daunted An abscess in which you can see the images of both Jesus and Elvis
- Poorly implanted breasts that squeak like a Styrofoam cooler when caressed Cracked, dry adenoids
- Jaggermouth filled with the kind of teeth that accumulate pasty, smelly food that looks like microwaveable oatmeal
- Bankroll that could choke a hippo Inhibited, pedantic libertarian Way too much pride to take alimony or palimony
- Breath like spinach risotto that's gone foul Mouth shaped like a snowjob Generous spirit Ratchet vagina Abundant, pendulous manskin
- Siamese twins, one dark and voluptuous, the other fair and willowy Dank, bulging lederhosen Pecs like woks Tuna-melt-fatted tummy
- Diarrhea pundit Rich, and way too dumb to make you sign a prenup Closeup of stretch marks looks like a view of the Gobi Desert from 37,000 feet
- Puffy, billowing breasts Urine smells like old coleslaw An elusive, rodentlike beauty Taxi-tested-tough perineum Ram-tough perineum
- Loves to cook and clean Panoply of manservice holes Breasts as smooth and firm as a Baby Watson cheesecake Measly wiener
- Attractive, sophisticated Attractive, intelligent Intelligent, sophisticated Sophisticated, attractive Attractive, intelligent, sophisticated
- Intelligent, sophisticated, attractive Believes cock caps are soothing as lozenges Birth defect guaranteed to incite heightened orgasm
- Vigorous solenoid Financial acumen Butt crack as deep and dangerous as the San Andreas fault Hair the color of a bruised banana
- Twin-engine blondwich When sitting, crumpled corpseflesh-colored bellywad looks like a Chinese dumpling Head has worn its way through his hair
- Brown spider nested in ass crack smells like old, sweaty Swiss cheese Poodle haircut makes him appear sensitive Always wakes with a big leaner
- C-cup cheekbones A bellybutton that could accommodate a hibernation Depend pads rotted through by piss rash
- Beard frosty with spunk Sagittarian charmer

AND if you consider yourself too organic to have a GenetiTinkered LoveMate™, try the following born-this-way personals:

I AM A MAN. I like to have my penis sucked by pretty women. It feels good to me and I like to let them suck it anytime I have a boner. It feels good when I come and they can make me do that too. I will like them if they suck on my penis, especially if they suck it good. Box 834G.

MAN hope woman to mate for in stylish Brooklyn-bed, hope to kiss you huge dollops in facial width, cuddle in foodlike warmth of your bicep, languish in your private-mucus till all dusk settle, I like cheeseburgers, long walk on Coney beach, bath in moonlight beams, heckle midgits. Box 649U.

SENSUOUS SNUGLER with Hummel

collection seeks fluffly-headed SWM with Greek-god perm or Jewish Afro for joyful sleepytimes and couch cuddles. No scalp plugs, mint-scent minoxidil, or hair gel, please. Box 687U.

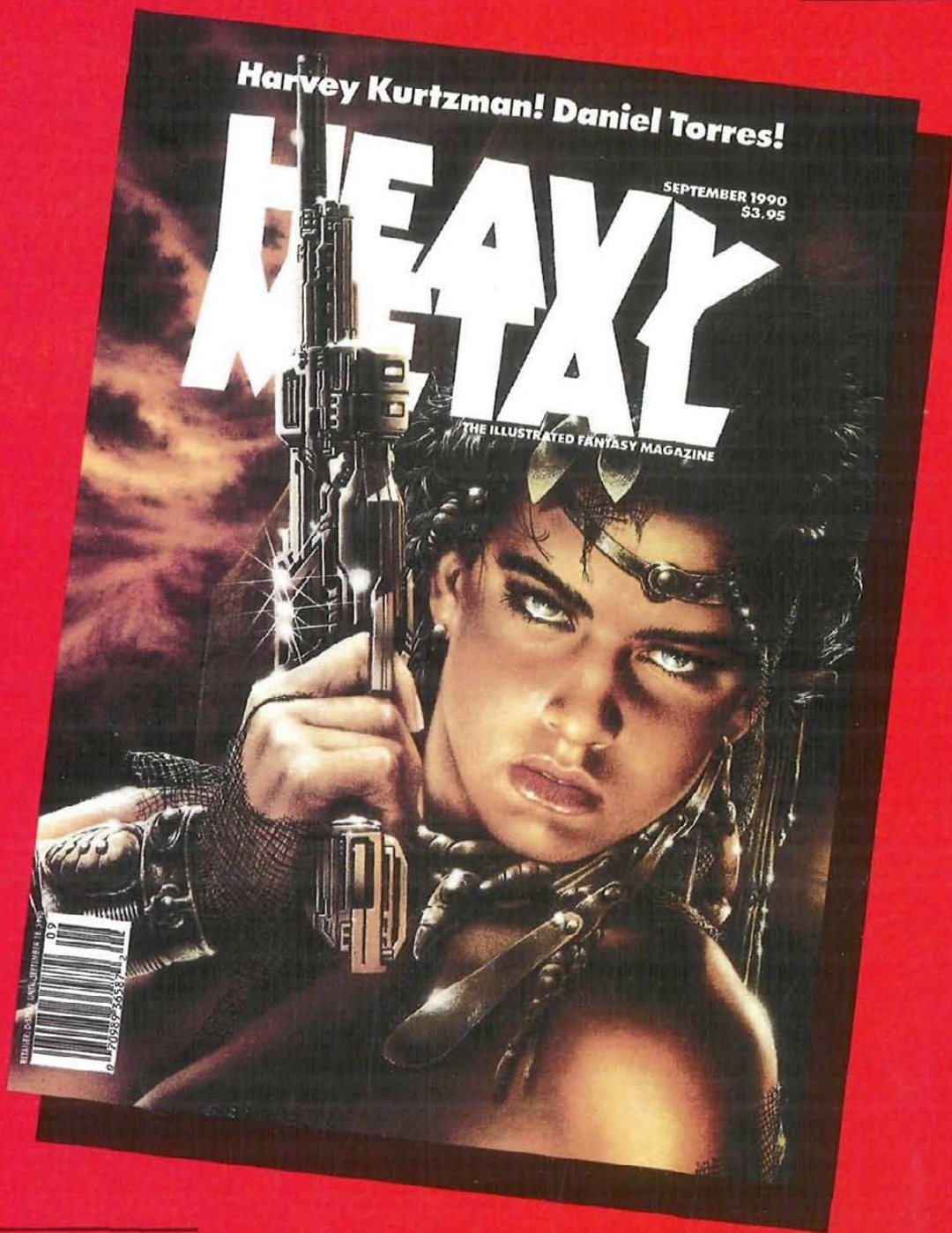
KEEP THIS ON THE Q.T., GUYS, O.K.? I'm thinking of dumping Ric, but I don't want to go through with it unless I can find a replacement as ugly or uglier than him. Send photo or plaster cast of your mug to Paulina at Box 882T.

GWM seeks another copy of that delicious catalog from which I ordered that dildo that attaches by suction cup to the wall. I've outgrown the darling and need a quarter-inch-diameter upgrade. Box 109B.

I'M NOT LOOKING FOR A MAN, NOT ANYMORE—AND LADIES, BECAUSE I'M SO HAPPY ABOUT IT I'M WILLING TO SHARE MY SECRET: I too was a disillusioned, over-30,

"beyond-marriageable-age" woman reading the personals, with little hope of ever getting a man for anything more than a quickie, but I found out how to make that male animal stick around: tell him you're a lesbian, so he'll feel unthreatened around you, form a close relationship with you, and eventually get it into his head that he wants to "cure" your lesbianism. At long last, you let him seduce you; respond slowly at first, and then pretend he's unleashed an unknown cataract of penis-hunger. Every time you have sex with him, act like entire new vistas have been opened. He'll be so enthralled with his virility, with you as his yardstick, that he'll be hooked for life. Let's face it, men romanticize the lesbian sex act no end—and love the idea of lesbians because they're not penis-tainted—as long as they don't dress and smell like real lesbians. Send for my book *Men Love Lesbians Best*, Married Press, 155 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10013.

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